

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER

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CONSTANCE CARROLTON; OR, THE GIPSY HEIR.

This beautiful Tale was commenced in our last number (89), which also had Twelve Engravings of Mrs. Cunningham's Baby Adventure, besides Twenty other Engravings of general interest. No. 89 is reprinted, and can be had at all News Depots.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. MASON, the widow with whom Constance Carrollton had boarded, was not a woman of much energy or decision of character. Like many persons of her sex and class, she was apt enough to suspect danger, but not so prompt in taking measures to combat it. She looked anxiously after the cab as it rattled along the street, muttering to herself, "Dear, dear! if I only knew what railway station they were going to! but he told the man so cautiously, as if he was determined that I should not hear what he said."

It was not until an empty cab had passed in the same direction that Mrs. Mason reflected that she might have jumped into it and spoken to Constance at the station; and by the time this idea was fully grasped by her not over-vigorous intellect, the empty vehicle was past hailing, and that containing the object of her anxiety had turned out of the street, but whether to the right or left, she had been too much occupied with the other to remark. Presently a friend dropped in to tea, to whom, as a matter of course, the whole affair was recounted; and as the visitor possessed a retentive memory, and was deeply read in police reports, she was at no loss for dozens of parallel cases in which young ladies imprudently advertising for situations had been decoyed away and not heard of again for years. There was a curious coincidence in all these adventures, that the "villain" was never a man who might have pleaded

the impetuosity of youth as an excuse, but always a man of middle age; "old enough to know better," as the gossips very justly remarked.

But whatever might have been the fate to which they supposed Constance Carrollton to be consigned, the wildest flight of their imagination never came near the truth.

She was hurried to the Great Western station; the train was just about to start, and before she had time to ask the name of the place to which they were going she had commenced her journey towards it in a carriage appropriated to ladies exclusively, in which Mr. Ravenscroft had placed her, with every demonstration of its being done entirely out of consideration for herself, though she could not help reflecting that the separation also put it out of her power to ask him any questions. There was only one passenger besides herself in the carriage, and as this was an old lady who was either very cross or very deaf, Constance had little prospect of keeping herself awake by a lively or interesting conversation. The old lady snored in a most monotonous and infectious manner, but Constance resisted the drowsy influence, and kept on the alert to catch the names of the stations at which they stopped, which she did where practicable, by reading the name painted on the wall, and where she could not do this, by trying to decipher the strange sounds uttered by the guards and porters, who suppose they are calling out the name of the place for the information of the passengers, while for the most part they are simply talking hieroglyphics. At one station, however, where they staid longer than usual, Mr. Ravenscroft appeared for a moment at the door with a glass of mulled wine in his hand, which he insisted upon her drinking. While she sipped it he ran away to fetch her some sandwiches, and on his return with them he had only time to take back the empty glass, and scramble into his own place before they were off again.

Whatever cause Constance might subsequently have for disliking

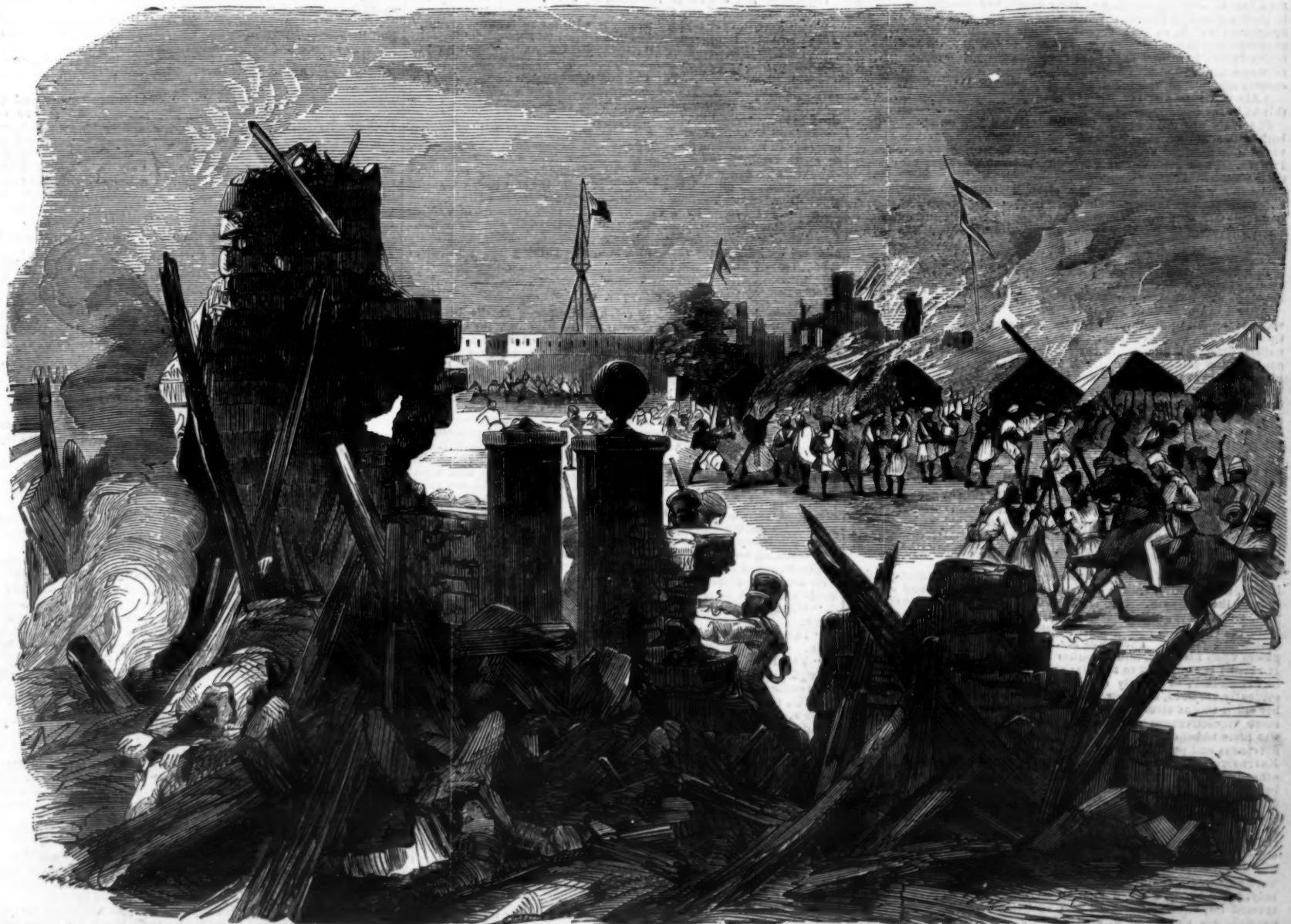
Mr. Ravenscroft, she never for one moment suspected him of having put a narcotic into the mulled wine. If he had guessed at her watching the stations and wished her to desist, he could not have done better than administer that wicked beverage, which has a specific tendency of its own that under ordinary circumstances requires no extraneous aid. From a deficiency of steam, or some other cause, the next stage occupied a rather longer time than usual; the panting of the engine came at longer intervals; the old lady's snoring was more prolonged and more somniferous, and Constance fell fast asleep. At the next station a pair of bright black eyes looked in at the window and instantly withdrew, as if fearful of awakening her by too hard a gaze. At the next and the next they peered in again for a moment exultingly; and at the fourth Constance found herself, before she could entirely shake off the trammels of a profound slumber, seated in a close carriage by the side of Mr. Ravenscroft. Though quite bewildered, her first impulse was to look out and see where she was; but nature seemed to be assisting the designs of the strange man in whose power she had so heedlessly placed herself, for though it was evidently some time after daybreak, such a dense mist hung over them that it was impossible to distinguish objects a few feet from the carriage.

"Where are we?" was her first very natural question.

"We are in the famous old county of Cornwall," he replied; "we have two or three hours' drive before us, and then we shall be home just in time for breakfast. How pleasant it is to return home after an absence, is it not?"

"Yes," said Constance, with a deep sigh, "when there are those to greet us whose kind voices and familiar faces make the soul of home. When they are gone, the mere house is but the dead corpse of home. I could not go into my father's house now—

"Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices of the dead."



THE MUTINY IN INDIA. SCENE IN THE STREETS OF DELHI AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVOLT. SEE PAGE 190.

"I know those lines," said Mr. Ravenscroft; "where do they occur?"

"In Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming,'" replied Constance; "and having no wish to enter into a discussion on the merits of the English poets, she leaned her head against the side of the carriage and closed her eyes."

Her thoughts were sad and anxious enough. There had been a great deal of haste in taking her from London; and though Mr. Ravenscroft had stated that imperative business called him into the country, there seemed no sufficient reason why, in these days of safe travelling, she should not have followed him the next morning, and had daylight for her journey. Then there was a degree of mystery about the place of her destination. He had not, it is true, refused to tell her where she was going; but he had given evasive answers from which she could collect nothing definite, and also by travelling in a separate carriage had rendered it impossible for her to follow up her questionings. She was too innocent and inexperienced to imagine of herself any intended wrong from all this; but Mrs. Mason's hastily uttered expressions of fear, scarcely heeded at the time, had recurred incessantly to her memory, and roused very uncomfortable doubts as to her own prudence in concluding such a hasty engagement, and Mr. Ravenscroft's perfect integrity of purpose in urging her to so prompt a departure and binding her by a written agreement. However, she was conscious under her gentle and feminine exterior of possessing a brave heart and an unusual endowment of bodily strength and activity, and this, with a firm but not supine faith in a protecting power above, inspired her with a full confidence that whatever might happen she would come off safe at last.

Constance looked out of the window and tried to distinguish something of the scenes through which they were passing. There was a vague, hoarse roaring, mingled with the rumbling of the carriage, and now and then she could dimly make out what seemed to be a crag or cliff looming through the fog, which convinced her that they were close to the sea. Presently the mist began partially to roll away in great cloud-like masses, giving her short glimpses of such wild and rugged scenery as made her heart bound with joy at the idea of being free to ramble at will and explore those romantic heights and gloomy recesses. Though brought up in a quiet pastoral county, she had a great love for wilder and more rugged landscapes, and the savage nature of the views she partially obtained exceeded everything she had ever seen in reality or painting. She hoped therefore that their journey would not be continued so far as to place this desolate region beyond a practicable walking distance from her future abode.

Her wish was speedily gratified, for a little farther on the carriage suddenly passed under an ancient gateway of ivy-covered stone, leading into a spacious court-yard, somewhat roughly paved, and surrounded by buildings. The side facing the entrance was occupied by the back of a lofty but gloomy-looking dwelling-house, and all the rest of the space was filled with stables and domestic offices. Two stupid-looking lads came out to take the horses, and a minute later an old man-servant, with a deeply furrowed face and white hair, opened a wicket in the ponderous house door, the two leaves of which were immediately afterwards thrown open by a couple of stout country girls.

"Let me welcome you to your new home, Miss Carrollton," said Mr. Ravenscroft, as he handed her across the threshold. "Oliver," he continued, addressing the old domestic, "see that the lady's trunks are removed carefully to her apartment. It is ready for her reception, of course?"

"Everything is done as you ordered, sir," replied Oliver.

"That is well," said Mr. Ravenscroft. "Is breakfast ready?"

"It will be served in five minutes, sir," was the reply.

"You will doubtless like to employ the interval in arranging your dress, Miss Carrollton," said Mr. Ravenscroft. "If you will have the goodness to follow those young women they will lead you to your chamber."

The two stout girls had already, to Constance's no small amazement, shouldered her two heaviest trunks, chatting to each other meanwhile in strange jargon which she could not comprehend, and were marching away, with the greatest ease, through the large hall and up a flight of broad stairs. Constance followed them. The stairs terminated in a corridor, running round the entrance hall, and from it again branched off two narrow passages, communicating with the wings of the house. Into one of these passages the Amazon turned, abating nothing of their speed, nor ceasing to chatter in their outlandish dialect. When near the end they went into an apartment which, as they deposited their burden in it, Constance supposed was intended for her. It was spacious and lofty, and the fittings must in former days have been exceedingly handsome! but all was faded and old-fashioned, and though it could not be called exactly dilapidated, the room had a very desolate appearance.

"Are you sure you are right?" she asked one of the girls. "Is this to be my bed-room?"

She could not tell whether they understood her or not, for they both replied in their strange patois, which, for any intelligence it conveyed to her, might as well have been the vernacular of the Tonga Islands. Then grinning and bobbing several curtsies, they went their way.

Constance looked round. The clean white counterpane, toilet-cover and towels, and the fresh water in the ewer, showed that preparations had been made for some one's reception, and although the room was magnificent in its proportions, the furniture was by no means so splendid as to make it unlikely that it was intended for her use.

In a few minutes the two girls returned with her guitar case and smaller luggage, again went through the ceremony of grinning and bobbing, and left her to herself.

After having glanced round the room, Constance's first impulse was to look out of the windows. On that side the house was built upon the edge of a precipitous rock, probably for the sake of the natural defence it afforded in the old barbaric times, whence its first construction might be dated. A deep glen, that looked dark and gloomy even at that morning hour, yawned beneath; and amid the crags that strewed it, a rapid mountain stream foamed and dashed on its way to the sea, only half seen beneath the many twisted and gnarled old trees that clung to the fissures in the cliffs, seeming to hold on tenaciously by their naked and sinewy roots. A little below the point at which the house was situated the glen widened, giving a view of a small rock-bound bay, and beyond of the wild expanse of the ocean. Constance was so entranced by this scene that it was not till the sound of a gong echoed through the stone-arched passages that she recollects that she had to arrange her dress for breakfast. To wash her face and hands, smooth the dark braids of her glossy hair, and generally "settle" her dress, was the work of so short a time, that when one of the dumb girls (as in effect they were to her) returned, apparently to marshal her to the breakfast-room, she was ready to follow her.

The apartment to which Constance was introduced corresponded in size, in antiquity, and in gloominess, with what she had already seen of the mansion. The table was covered with plentiful repast, and a great deal of massive, antiquated plate; but what chiefly attracted the young stranger's attention was the company already seated at the table. There was Mr. Ravenscroft with a shade more gloom upon his brow, and on either side of him was placed a lady. It needed but one look to see that she who sat at his right hand must be his mother, so exactly did her features resemble his. She was evidently very old, and her once tall figure was nearly doubled, but her spirit was as strong and her mind as active as ever. There was more vindictiveness expressed in her face than in her son's, there was more unbending will about the compressed lips, there was more fierceness and penetration in the eyes; in short, she looked like Mr. Ravenscroft made into a mummy and possessed by a demon. The other lady was a woman of a doubtful age; she might be anything between thirty and forty-five; but on another point there was no doubt—she was clearly insane. A grave-looking, elderly woman stood behind her chair and directed and controlled all her movements. The poor creature did not utter a word, but quietly obeyed the whispered orders of her keeper. She had one habit, however, which from its wearisome iteration became extremely distressing. She would raise her eyes furtively, by little jerks as though they were climbing steps, till they rested on the countenance of the old lady, when her face would assume an expression of such fear as it seemed impossible she could feel without screaming aloud; but nevertheless she never uttered a sound, and the old lady's eyes being always on the alert, quickly detected the scrutiny, and those of the poor lunatic sank under the sharp gaze, only to begin again painfully climbing their imaginary ladder. As Constance approached this singular group, Mr. Ravenscroft rose and said,

"Mother, this is Miss Carrollton—Lady Clarissa Ravenscroft. It is needless," he added to Constance, "to go through any form of presentation to my unfortunate wife, as she is incapable of noticing anything."

"Oh! the new governess!" said the old lady, with a sarcastic laugh; "you may be seated."

Constance had no relish for impertinence, but she could make great allowance for the vagaries of old age, so she curtseyed to the venerable dame and took the chair that had been placed for her next to the younger lady. She had hoped to see the boy who was to be her pupil, and upon whose disposition so much of her future comfort depended; but he did not make his appearance, and she commenced her cheerless meal.

At the very first word she spoke, in reply to some question addressed to her by Mr. Ravenscroft, her neighbor turned and looked at her eagerly. Then her eyes crept back to those of Lady Clarissa Ravenscroft, and fell again into their usual monotonous exercise.

As Constance sat there with that evil-eyed old woman before her, and the poor lunatic by her side, she recalled, with a feeling of compassion, the tone of bitterness with which Mr. Ravenscroft had spoken of the pleasure of returning home, and she also thought she saw a sufficient reason for his wishing to bind her to remain in that dismal abode long enough to be of some service to the neglected child, if not to become reconciled to remaining there altogether.

She began to picture that child to herself: a pale boy of nine or ten years old, with his mother's mild blue eyes and delicate features; slightly affected perhaps with that fearful malady under which her mind had sunk. And what a home was that for such a child! His mother's insanity, his father's stern melancholy, and above all his grandmother's malignity, composed an atmosphere in which such a being must be blighted. Her fertile imagination soon worked itself into a state of enthusiasm about the delicate little object of her care, towards whom she inwardly resolved to fill the place of his poor imbecile mother; and when the meal was ended, and Mr. Ravenscroft invited Constance to accompany him to the study, she rose willingly, notwithstanding Lady Clarissa's malignant chuckling addition of "Ay, ay, Miss Carrollton, go to your promising pupil!"

Constance curtseyed to the dowager, and as she passed she cast a look of profound compassion on the poor lunatic, who returned with the gaze of childish wonder, and with a sudden impulse caught her hand, and pressed it to her heart.

"Keep quiet, or I shall lock you up," said the keeper, in a low, stern voice; and the poor creature, trembling with fear, dropped Constance's hand, and her eyes returned to their old exercise of creeping up to the face of her mother-in-law.

Constance did not like to mention so delicate a subject to Mr. Ravenscroft, but she felt certain that she could do more towards restoring that poor lady's reason than the authoritative and coercive nurse. As she followed the master of the house down one of the long passages, she suddenly turned and addressed her.

"You must not take fright at the sight of your pupil, Miss Carrollton," he said, with an air of embarrassment, though he endeavored to speak freely; "I warned you that his education had been terribly neglected."

"Is he—he—afflicted—mentally?" she asked, shrinking back, more alarmed at Mr. Ravenscroft's manner than his words.

"No, no—he is not insane," replied Mr. Ravenscroft, "though his temper is very violent at times. He is merely somewhat older and much taller than lads usually are when placed under female tutelage."

"Then why not have a tutor for him?" asked Constance.

"I have tried that, and failed," replied Mr. Ravenscroft. "He is impatient of authoritative restraint, but he is easily led, especially by the power of music—that, indeed, is the master passion of his soul. You may bend him to your will by means of music; and it would be difficult," he added, with an attempt at a laugh, "to find a doctor of divinity who either could or would blend melody and mathematics so dexterously that the pupil would imbibe the one unconsciously while eagerly swallowing the other, just as you give a child a powder in a spoonful of jam."

"Mathematics!" repeated Constance, still drawing back—"I fear you have misunderstood me, sir. I cannot teach mathematics."

"I do not expect it, my dear young lady," said he. "I merely named mathematics as the most natural adjunct of an L.L.D. So pluck up your courage, and come along."

Constance felt a strange repugnance, and recalled uneasily the sneering remarks of Lady Clarissa.

"You have not yet told me what you wish me to teach your son," said Constance, in order to gain a few moments' delay.

"That is told in two words," replied Mr. Ravenscroft, drawing her arm within his, and moving onwards—"you may teach him what you like, and what you can. You will find that you must begin from the very commencement, for he cannot even read and write."

"He must be a mere child, then, after all," thought Ellen; and she went on confidently.

She soon found herself in a large airy room, which bore strong evidence in its furniture and decorations of having been modernised, so as to render it as cheerful as possible. The windows had been enlarged and opened to the floor, so that by descending two broad steps access was gained to a terrace, at each end of which a flight of stone steps led to a secluded lawn and flower-garden, so well sheltered from the sea breeze by a curtain of cliff that all sorts of exotics bloomed there in perfection. The rock was nearly hidden from sight by a belt of tall trees, and the whole scene was so peaceful and lovely that it lay basking in the rays of the sun, now shining forth gloriously, that it looked like a little Eden.

CHAPTER V.

CONSTANCE had barely time to catch a glimpse of all the beautiful scenery we have described as she passed the windows, for her attention was speedily riveted upon the single occupant of the apartment. This was a young man who, she was certain, must be much over twenty years old, though every care had been taken to give him an appearance of juvenility. He was closely shaven, but the strong black stubble showed that his beard and whiskers would have grown thick if allowed. His hair was long and curly, but it was in vain to attempt, by its careful arrangement, to give an air of effeminacy to that muscular neck: and as vain was it to endeavor, by the boyish holland blouse with its falling collar, to conceal the herculean proportions of those broad shoulders and six foot of stature. His face was wonderfully handsome, but (though his forehead was broad and high) singularly wanting in intellect. He bore a strong resemblance to his father, though with many points of improvement. The eyes were better set, thus escaping the bird-of-prey look which had struck her so forcibly on the first sight of Mr. Ravenscroft; his nose was less prominently aquiline, and his lips were fuller and more curved. He was reclining on a sofa near the farthest window, and his sole occupation was that of caressing a large dog, on which his eyes were fixed, with hardly so much intelligence in them as beamed from those of the noble animal as he returned his master's gaze.

"Where is your son, sir?" said Constance, stopping and trembling.

"There," replied Mr. Ravenscroft, pointing towards the young man.

"You have deceived me," said Constance, in firm, low tone, though she still trembled; "it is not proper that I should become the teacher of that young man. He is older than I am."

"No, no—you are mistaken," said Mr. Ravenscroft, soothingly; "his appearance is deceptive. I cannot tell his age to a day, but in mind he is a mere child, I assure you."

"You must engage another teacher for him, sir—I cannot undertake the office," said Constance. "I have been brought here under a delusion. You should have been more explicit with me."

Mr. Ravenscroft's eyes flashed angrily, and his lips were compressed, and his breath came hard through his distended nostrils; but he controlled his feelings, and said calmly, "You seem to have forgot the terms of our engagement, Miss Carrollton."

"No, sir, I have not forgotten the agreement," replied Constance; "but I am certain that no magistrate would hold it to be binding."

"How if I should refuse you the opportunity of testing that point?" said Mr. Ravenscroft through his clenched teeth, while his black brows were ominously knitted together.

"Do you mean to say that I am a prisoner?" asked Constance, faintly, as she staggered back and caught at a chair for support.

"Not if you act honorably, and keep to your agreement," he replied.

"I am not bound in honor to fulfil an agreement which was obtained from me by fraud," said Constance.

"Then you shall be bound by some other means," said Mr. Ravenscroft, looking even more fierce than before. "I tell you, Miss Carrollton, I am not a man to be trifled with. Every hope for the future—all that renders the present worth living for—the blighted happiness which forms my sole memory of the past—all hang round that unhappy boy. Womanly tact, aided by the powers of music, may rouse him from his lethargy, and incite his mind to study. Nothing else has any power over him."

"Then why not employ a woman whose age might be a protection to her?" inquired Constance.

"Impossible," was the reply. "His hatred of his grandmother is so intense that an elderly woman would be in danger of her life if she attempted to thwart or control him."

"I see it all now," said Constance, as she recalled several incidents connected with her intercourse with Mr. Ravenscroft. "You sought me out because I was a musician, but most because I was an orphan and friendless. But you are mistaken there, sir," she added, raising her eyes and clasped hands to heaven, "I have still one friend left to whom I never appealed in vain in time of trouble, and who will not forsake me now, if I remain true to myself."

"Miss Carrollton," said Mr. Ravenscroft, solemnly, "have some compassion on the sufferings of a most unhappy father! I tell you again, that boy is the only hope—the only prop of my house. All my other sons have died, just as they gave promise of being all my heart could wish, and he alone is left to me. You can rescue him from the state of mental darkness in which he lives, and will you refuse the sacred office? You ought rather to rejoice at being made the instrument for so divine a work. You ought to look upon it as a holy duty."

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted Constance, "you are scarcely qualified to point out the path of duty to others, as you must have greatly failed in your own parental duties before your son could have fallen into this state."

"Do not judge too hastily," said Mr. Ravenscroft; "it was not my doing. He was stolen away when quite an infant, and brought up like a beast, scarcely even learning to speak. Consider well what you have to decide upon. The enlightenment of a human soul in this world, and his welfare in the next, depend upon your exertions. Look at him, as he lies there, caressing his dog. That creature is the only thing he loves, but the existence of that one affection proves that the social feelings are capable of cultivation."

"Why do you not undertake the task yourself?" inquired Constance.

"He does not love me," replied the father, sadly; "and besides, I have not the tact and patience requisite for such a task. His teacher must be a woman, and a woman with all her fine sensibilities fresh about her; one who has not been soured by the world; one who has not forgotten the time when she was herself ignorant and foolish; one who will point out his errors without ridiculing them, and lead him to desire improvement without inflicting on him by her pedantry the mortification of conscious ignorance. Such a teacher must be a woman, and a young one. Miss Carrollton, I have built my hopes on you. Do not annihilate them. There is nothing which you can ask and I perform that shall be refused to you, if you succeed in awakening his slumbering mind; and you will succeed, if you try in right good earnest."

Constance's resolution had been wavering for some minutes. Mr. Ravenscroft pressed his lips upon her hand, and turned hastily aside. A large tear had fallen upon it. That tear gained the victory.

"I will try," she said, "but you must deal fairly with me; and if after a sufficient trial I fail to rouse his attention, or make any favorable impression on him, you must release me."

"I will, but on that condition only," said Mr. Ravenscroft, who had started round in delighted amazement at the sudden change, and gazed on her with rapture. "You must not plead difficulties as a reason for abandoning your post."

"I think, sir, you would hardly hesitate to sacrifice my health and life to the accomplishment of your object," said Constance, with a half-scornful smile.

"You are right," he replied earnestly. "I would sacrifice myself and half mankind to secure to that boy his natural and social rights. Nevertheless, you shall be taken good care of, and your work made as easy as possible. See there now! he has taken no notice of either of us. He is in one of his sullen moods."

"Is he deaf?" asked Constance.

"No," replied Mr. Ravenscroft. "All his senses are wonderfully acute. He hears us, but whether he understands our conversation is another question."

Apparently the young man understood enough to comprehend that they were speaking about him, for, with a sullen scowl at his father, he arose and walked towards the door.

"Reginald," said Mr. Ravenscroft, mildly, but the young savage paid no attention to him. "Try the effect of music!" he continued hastily to Constance.

She sat down at the grand piano which stood open, and played the first piece that occurred to her recollection. It was one of Chopin's strange mysterious Nocturnes, and nothing could have been better chosen. At the first note young Reginald stopped and turned. With slow steps he advanced towards the piano. He stood by Constance's side; he watched her hands as with a firm and brilliant touch they danced along the keys. From the hands his eyes wandered up the rounded arms, just visible through the crimp sleeves; then up to her face, where the music seemed to be interpreted to another sense, so deeply did she feel every note she played.

Mr. Ravenscroft, as he watched him, might have exclaimed with Prospero, "It goes on, as my soul prompts!"

When the music ceased the young man drew a chair to Constance's side, and said in a deep tone, and what sounded like a foreign accent, "Go on. I want more."

She turned her head with an air of dignity, and looked him in the face. There was no timidity, no shrinking in her gaze. She had once awed an infuriated bull into quiescence by the power of her eyes, and she now summoned up somewhat of the same expression, and she saw that he was mastered.

"I will play to you again soon," she said; "but now there is something else to be done. There are many

AN EXCURSION TO LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, now-a-days, seems to be quite a fashionable watering place. People flock there to breathe in the delicious sea breezes, and stroll along the shore, and bathe in the salt waves; and latterly the great influx of stragglers from the *beau monde* has brought Long Branch before the public in the decided position of a highly popular resort.

Last week, being thoroughly wearied of the furnace-like atmosphere and burning streets of this modern Gotham, we determined to set out on a pilgrimage in search of some cool spot where the fresh winds were not flavored with smoke, and blasts from close, narrow lanes, and the sunshine could strike on green grass and white sands, instead of being reflected from glowing pavements and brick walls. Safely embarked on board the enterprising little steamer Alice Price, at the foot of Robinson street, it was but a short time before we were clear of the forests of shipping which fill the New York Harbor, and *en route* for Long Branch. Three boats leave daily for this watering-place, one generally starting in the morning and two in the afternoon, but the exact hour of their departure is for the most part regulated by the tides.

Our voyage down the Bay was delightful. Let any one imagine a swift and arrowy progress, under a cloudless sky, with cool winds sweeping across the water; let any one conjure up such a vision as this, we say, in the intense heat of an August afternoon, and it will be his own fault if he does not immediately start for Long Branch!

The deck, protected from the fervor of the sun's rays by an awning, was dotted with all sorts of groups and parties. Every available inch of room was crowded with pleasure-seekers, and if one might judge from their manners and appearance, they were entirely successful in their search. Portly merchants, fresh from Wall street and Broadway, reclined easily on the chairs and settees, and drank in the delicious winds, as if they were so many draughts of hock or champagne; ladies forgot that the sun would brown their lily complexions, and leaned against the railings with utter abandon, while a score of bright-eyed babies and children rolled and revelled on the deck as only young folks can. In secluded corners, pretty girls in a halo of crinoline, French rose-



THE MAN WHO ENJOYED THE SAIL DOWN THE BAY TO LONG BRANCH.

looking old fogies lost their contented aspect in a pitiful expression of discomfort. But some were exempt from this annoying trial, and we, being among that fortunate few, looked on with all the philosophy which generally characterizes those who are only on to pity, and not to endure.

In the Lower Bay we crossed to Sandy Hook, and entered Shrewsbury River, here separated from the ocean by the long stretch or bar of land of which Sandy Hook forms the extreme point. Here began the sea-swell in good earnest, and the salt

panoply of teeth and claws—a shark, or leviathan at the very least; but when this frightful creature proved to be merely an insignificant little porpoise, sporting in the water with its comrades, we had a hearty laugh both at the lady's terror and our own panic!

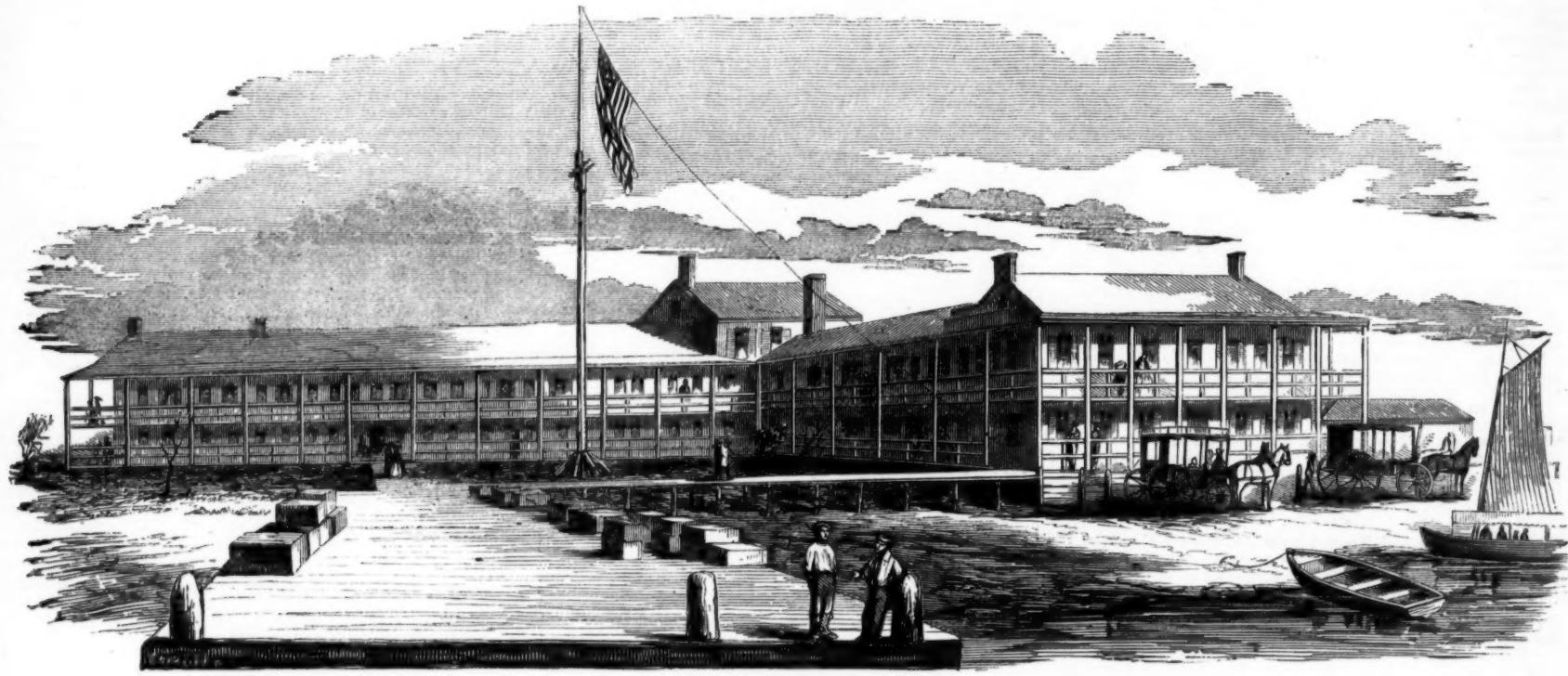
Up Shrewsbury River to the first steamboat landing, at the Highlands of Nevesink, was a short and pleasant progress, but soon after we ran aground, and came to a dead stop, much to our discomfiture. However, the captain told us that this was by no means an unusual occurrence. At this point, during certain tides, the water is frequently very shallow, and as we had chanced on one of these periods, all we had to do was to wait patiently until the tide should think proper to help us out of our dilemma again.

Nevertheless, we contrived to elicit a great deal of sport from this embarrassing position. We indulged in plenty of good-natured raillery, and cracked several capital jokes over ourselves and our situation, and when again the dilatory tide took us off and "set us afloat" again, there was a general rejoicing.

The Highlands of Nevesink are extremely romantic, and as we glided along, a panoramic succession of lovely views met our eyes, such as are to be witnessed in few other localities. The fine light-houses at a short distance from the beach, the cottages scattered along the shores, and the long line of purple woods, which we could just distinguish along the background in the evening twilight, which was beginning to close around the scene, gave a life and animation to the whole picture, which was all it needed to be one of the finest prospects in the United States.

In this neighborhood we passed a fine hotel, called the Sea View House, and the name is singularly appropriate, for it commands a magnificient prospect of the sea over the narrow neck of land on the other side of Shrewsbury River. Two miles further on we reached the Ocean House, where we were finally landed, and the Alice Price pursued her way up the river.

Our sketch presents the river side of the Ocean House, which is finely situated on the sandy bar before mentioned, and from the back windows you have a splendid view of the Atlantic. This beautiful situation possesses many attractions—excellent fishing, fine sea-bathing, and capital accommodations. It is easy of access, being only two hours from New York (the fare is



THE RIVER SIDE VIEW OF THE OCEAN HOUSE.

buds and kid gloves, found attractive company in sentimental young gentlemen, who talked of "life on the ocean," and looked unutterable things, while comfortable family groups who had outlived the age of romance, ate sandwiches, read the papers, and chatted together in the old-fashioned social style.

We were surprised to see the boat so full, and supposed it must be an unusually favorable day, but the captain, a polite and agreeable personage, told us that the Long Branch boats were always crowded—an important evidence of the good taste of the world in general! The scenery along the Bay was exquisite; we glided past the velvet shores of Bellew's and Governor's Islands, the tapering shaft of the Light-house, and the picturesque landings at Staten Island, and almost ere we were aware, had passed the Narrows, and were in the Lower Bay.

But here some of our fellow-voyagers began to look a little doleful, and to experience "singular sensations" as the steamer commenced to rock and heave with the tide. The pretty young ladies grew pale, and retreated precipitately to the "below-stairs" regions; the young gentlemen leaned over the rails, and contemplated the water with an air of fixed attention, and the genial-

breezes, wafted across the bar, blew off gentlemen's hats, set ladies' mantles fluttering, and showed not the smallest respect to rank, age or sex.

One portly old gentleman, whose chapeau deserted him without the least ceremony, sprang to recover the treasure, and made a breathless dive after it, with outspread hands, after the manner in which a child attempts the capture of a butterfly, and with like success, for the hat landed in the midst of a white-crested wave, and our old hero was left with his bald head uncovered! Another, whose fine Panama took the same unceremonious leave, did not reconcile himself to his fate so good-naturedly, but launched several muttered invectives at the unconscious sea, which had embezzled his property, much to the merriment of the passengers.

We passed any quantity of shoals of fish, darting hither and thither in the shallow water in this neighborhood. "O look! there's a whale!" screamed one of the ladies, clinging to her companion's arm, as one of these scaly creatures leaped into the air with a sudden splash. We all sprang to our feet, expecting to behold some terrific monster of the deep, armed in a complete

but twenty-five cents), and is, consequently, much frequented by New Yorkers, who come there to engage in piscatorial sports in the pretty little sail-boats that belong to the hotel, or bring their families for several weeks during the warm season. It is capable of accommodating three hundred persons, and forms

one of the most delightful summer retreats we can imagine. Who is there that would not give twenty-five cents to reach such a pleasant resort and enjoy a good day's fishing? Captain Haggerty, a well-known personage in this vicinity, presides over its arrangements. As an old captain on one of the Long Branch boats, his name will be familiar to many of our readers.

Here we found a number of "beach carriages," as they are called, awaiting the arrival of the boat from New York, to take its passengers to Long Branch. They are curious-looking but very convenient vehicles, with broad wheels, formed so as to travel with greater ease along the yielding sand;

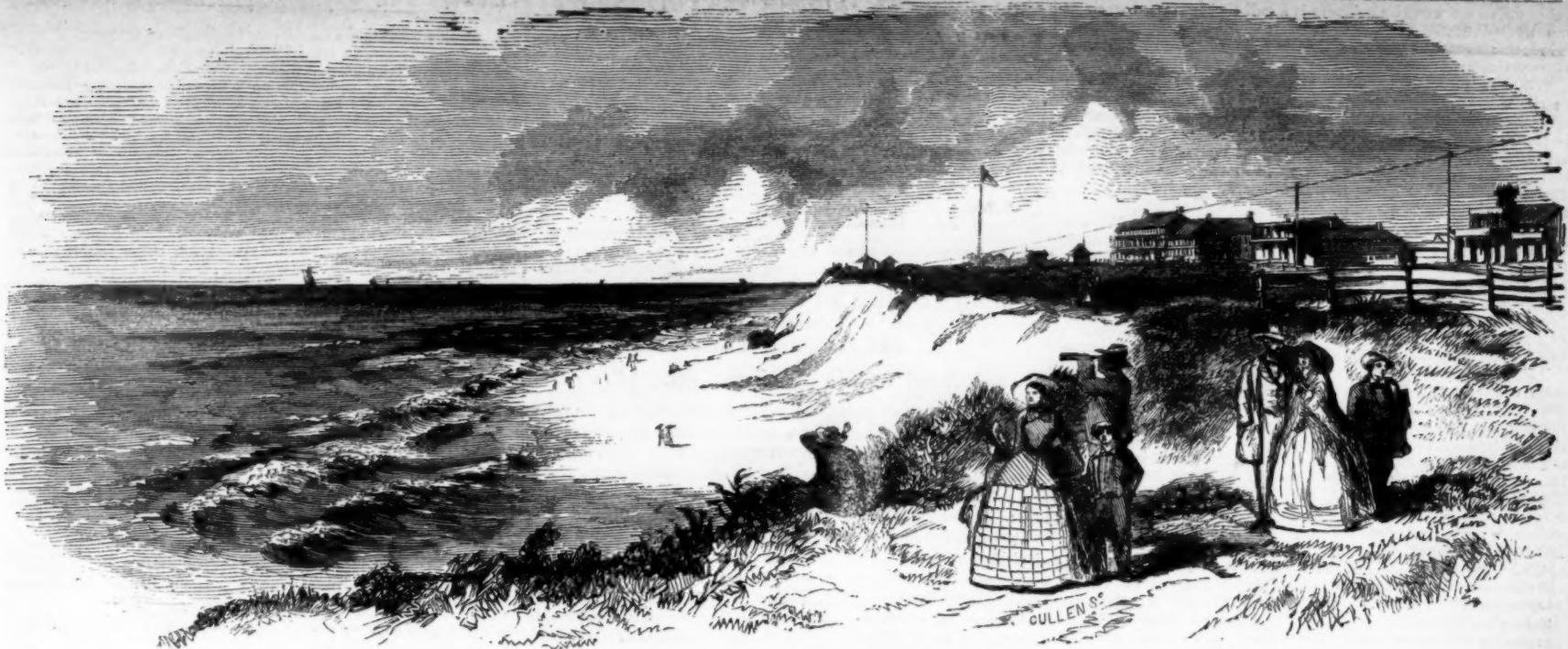
Only one of the New York steamboats goes further up the river than the Ocean House, at which place all the passengers are landed. At one time the boats undertook to carry passengers up to a spot within half a mile of Long Branch, instead of leaving them at the Ocean House. But as seventy thousand dollars were invested in the carriages that conveyed people from the Ocean House to Long Branch, the interest proved too strong to allow this movement—they refused to carry any one even that half mile, and the boat company was not rich enough to supply stages for this purpose, and was consequently obliged to take its load to the next landing, some three miles beyond Long Branch. Thus, after all, the shortest way to this watering-place is by the Ocean House, which route is now entirely adopted.



MOONLIGHT TRIP ALONG THE SANDS, VISITORS GOING FROM THE OCEAN HOUSE TO LONG BRANCH.



FISH-HAWK'S NEST.



VIEW OF LONG BRANCH, THIRTY MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY.

We had a charming moonlight ride in these beach carriages upon the shore, sometimes grinding along through the moist sands, and sometimes plashing through pools with our carriage-wheels nearly submerged in water. Our progress was necessarily slow, although the horses were spirited and the stars light; but the nature of the beach does not admit of rapid travelling. The journey was nevertheless extremely animated and lively, as we

land we reached the mainland, where the scenery became much more diversified and attractive. One or two quiet, old-fashioned farm-houses, nestling among trees and orchards, presented a delightful image of rest and seclusion to our metropolitan eyes. The fish-hawks, with their monster nests, attracted our attention in the neighborhood of these rural spots; they abound in this vicinity, and manifest remarkable trust and confidence in those by whom they are surrounded. You can approach so nearly as almost to touch them before they will take flight, and they sail and eddy around in all directions, apparently fearless of danger. As they are very gentle and harmless few molest them, and they are suffered to build where they will; but it is a singular fact that wherever they plant their gigantic nests a blight seems to descend. The tree loses its leaves and dies, and wherever you see a fishhawk's nest it is almost sure to be supported by a dead and splintered tree.

After about half a mile's journey, our Jehu informed us that we were finally within the bounds of Long Branch itself, and here began the most delightful portion of our way. The road lay along the edge of the cliff; it was smooth and level as a carpet of green velvet, and fringed with grass to the very verge of the declivity, which was in many places quite steep, and from twenty to thirty feet high, with a glorious chiaroscuro of white beach and foaming waves below.

Our equipage rolled past several large and handsome hotels, with their windows all in a blaze of light, and a cheerful hum and buzz around them, as if the occupants were enjoying themselves in the most unexceptionable manner; but neither of these was our destination, and we did not feel that we had

reached home

until the carriage drew up before the United States, with its hospitable rows of brilliant windows, and its long colonnades and galleries, all alive with festive humanity.

We proceeded immediately to our room, a cheerful little apartment which had the advantage of being quiet and secluded, even in the whirl and bustle of a large and populous hotel like this, to get rid of the dust and heat of travel, and after having "renovated" ourselves, we again descended to the animated scene below.

Here, by the way, let us say a word about the *table d'hôte*

of the United States Hotel. At the generality of watering-places the fare is decidedly indifferent; people seem to take it for granted that you have left all gastronomic tastes and preferences behind you, in New York, or Philadelphia, or wherever your halting place may happen to be. But here everything is in the most perfect style, and on inquiry the fact was accounted for at once. Most of the cooks and stewards are from the St. Nicholas Hotel, and take great pride in the proper administration of their respective departments.

Everything about the United States Hotel is perfect. It is a



AMUSEMENTS FOR VISITORS AT LONG BRANCH.

were all full of mirth and gaiety, and enjoyed every feature of the scene to its full capacity. In front of us was a seemingly interminable line of these same equipages, all well laden; we counted forty or fifty, and if any conclusions might be drawn from the cheerful laughter and lively conversation which reached our ears from each and all, a merrier party seldom travelled along those gray old sands.

We passed the stations, where are moored one or two life-boats, with mortars to be used on extreme occasions, and had a passing view of busy fishermen working away, in the moonlight, at packing fish for the New York markets. They are put in large wooden boxes, and placed on the pier at the Ocean House, as delineated in our engraving, where the boat takes them up its next trip.

After travelling two miles and a half upon this sandy neck of

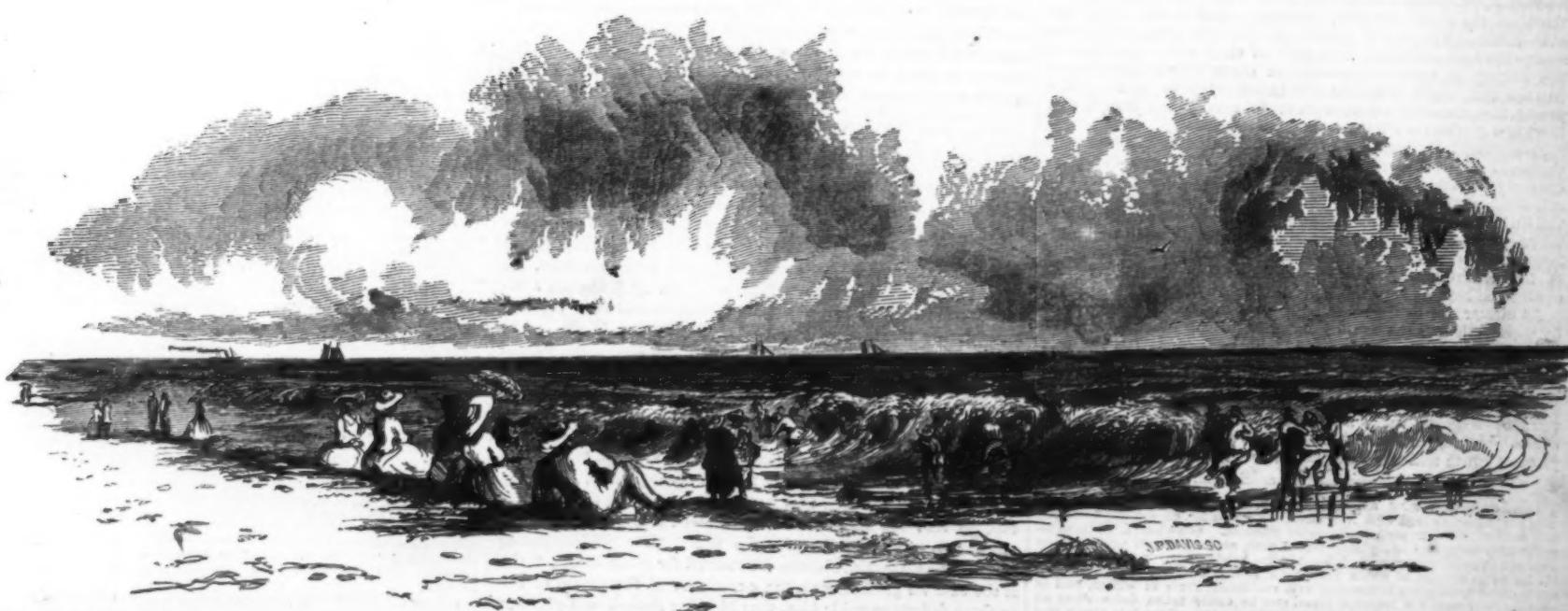
first-class hotel, and has ample accommodations for at least three hundred guests. Wide and roomy piazzas enclose the building on three sides, and afford charming lounges for those who like to enjoy a picture of the sea in three different directions, and each apartment has access to this verandah by a door and window. J. A. S. Crater, the polite and gentlemanly proprietor, uses every endeavor to promote the comfort and enjoyment of all who



FACES OF THE BATHERS AS THEY COME OUT OF THE WATER.

are under his roof, and if there is any one who has not yet decided where to go, this oppressive weather, we say to them, go to Long Branch by all means!

We took a peep into the ball-room, where a brilliant hop was



BURY BROWN AT THE SAND BEACH, LONG BRANCH.

going on, as we went by. There is a ball three times a week at the United States, as well as at the other hotels, and all outsiders, distinguished guests, and stars from other firmaments, are expected to grace the scene with their presence.

Truly it is a sight to drive any hard-hearted old bachelor nearly distracted. Just think of a room full of lovely young damsels, radiant in diamonds, roses, bright eyes and destructive piquant figures: think of the charming widows, and dashing belles, and bewitching young matrons, who carry a whole armory of Cupid's arrows in every turn of their roguish heads! Dangerous ground this, but like all other dangerous things, excessively tempting!

But the ladies are not the only attraction here. We saw many "distinguished strangers" entering with their whole heart and soul into the festivities of the hour—people we talk about—people we read about, who have come hither to rest their weary brains, and revel in the salt winds and healthful atmosphere of Long Branch. Such guests as these give position and prestige to a popular resort; wherever they go they draw after them a brilliant retinue, and become the centre of a host of celebrities.

The moonlight was so bright, and the air without so refreshingly cool and soft, that we could not resist the temptation of wandering along the picturesque cliff for a short distance, looking into the various hotels as we passed them. Beneath a large circular tent on the beach below, people were amusing themselves quite as heartily, if not in such an aristocratic manner, as the waltzers and promenaders at the brilliant hotels above. Eight rotating cars were in operation, and a large country wagon close by, filled with rustic Paganinis and unstudied artists, whose tremendous zeal and energy supplied all the lacking style and polish, served as a musical department.

There was a great deal of fun under this same tent. In one of the cars was seated an ebon-faced daughter of Africa, gorgeous in a buff calico and pink sunbonnet, with a beau, who officiated as waiter during the day, and turned Romeo at night. In another reclined a pretty little "star" in full ball costume, and only a lace handkerchief thrown over her plump shoulders, by the side of a slender-waisted, mustachioed young gallant, who had coaxed her away from the assembly room for a minute, "just for a little frolic!" Another was full of little children—another of gray-headed people who had not yet forgotten their youth, and all were embodiments of "solid comfort."

But the morning view was finest, when we sallied forth the next day about nine o'clock, to take a peep at the world-renowned sea-bathing of Long Branch. The United States Hotel is situated some two hundred yards from the cliff, along which are erected snug little arbors or bowers, where the guests sit and look out upon the sublime prospect of the sea. Probably this is one of the finest *coupes d'eil* in the world. Sometimes you may see a hundred and fifty vessels at one time, with their white sails delicately outlined against the blue and sparkling background. All the Southern and California steamers pass within a mile of the shore here, and form one of the most interesting features of the whole scene.

As the hand of our timepiece touches the figure ten, a white flag is hoisted up—the signal that the ladies' sea-bathing is to commence, and there is an immediate rush for the shore. Spectators assemble on the sands, and those who intend to go in flock down. The bathing-houses are in great demand, and all sorts of uncouth and grotesque figures are seen coming from the hotels—those who have assumed the *toga* in their own apartments, and are now all ready for the "splash."

If we had but the pencil of Hogarth to describe the scene that now ensues, we might hope to convey some faint idea of its ludicrous points. We don't think a man could identify his own wife when she comes out of the bathing-house; a plump figure enters, surrounded with a multitude of rustling flounces, and scarcely able to squeeze an enormous hoop through the door. She is absent a few minutes, and presto, change! out comes a tall, lank apparition, wrapped in the scanty folds of something that looks more like a superannuated night-gown than anything else, and a battered straw chapeau knocked down over the eyes, and stalks down toward the beach with the air and gait of a Tartar chieftain! Ladies and gentlemen are alike ridiculous—they go plunging and splashing about like so many overgrown porpoises. Some wear Bloomers, buckled nattily about the waists, with cunning little blue-veined feet twinkling in the shallow water; some are wrapped in crimson Turkish dressing-gowns, and flounder through the tides like long-legged flamingoes; and others in old-faded pantaloons and worn-out jackets, pretend not to be envious of those who have fine new bathing-dresses, and can afford to revolve more near to the feminine groups. On the whole, however, outlandish garments and ancient materials decidedly predominate.

After about two hours' aquatic enjoyment, the time for gentlemen, *sans costume*, to submerge themselves, approaches, and there is a general scramble for the shore. The beautiful young ladies come gliding out, like Nereids, as fresh and cool as rose-buds, with the moisture streaming from their long tresses, and sparkling on their eye-lashes, to the manifest aggravation of all the assembled beaux; the apoplectic old gentlemen come puffing and blowing out, with starting eyes and rubicund noses; tall mortals look like Maypoles, with elongated visages and clinging garments, and would-be exquisites, with mouths and eyes full of salt water and contorted features, cut but a sorry figure!

The long lines of bathing-houses at the foot of the stairways leading down the cliff from each chief hotel, are filled again—those on the right side with gentlemen, and those on the left with ladies. The hair is wrung out—the wet attire is thrown aside—the feet are rinsed with pails of clear water provided for the purpose in each retreat—and in about fifteen minutes out trip the dear angels from one side in full crinoline, and the nice young men from the other, with model cravats and pumps, and there is a glorious walk up to the hotels again.

Everybody luxuriates in the sea-bathing, and then there are a thousand clamorous regrets at being obliged to leave those exquisitely smooth sands and the great green tumbling waves that roll along, chasing the shrieking damsels towards the cliff. Even the little folks participate in the general enjoyment. Some are taken into the water by nurses and mammas, and some are building miniature castles on the shore, and manufacturing sand-pies of the available material, with small wooden shovels, and all seem to be happier than the Sultan of Turkey himself.

At dinner the ladies come down freshened and reinvigorated by their bath—all the world looks cheerful and hearty—even the surliest and most hypochondriacal have a good-natured smile in their eyes. Nothing like a good plunge in the salt ocean! Whoever feels low-spirited and discouraged—whatever thinks he is going to have the consumption, or the gout, or something equally terrible—whoever wants a little recreation, let him go and try the sea-bathing at Long Branch, and come back with twenty years of youth and strength added to his life!

London, which now needs, it is said, one hundred new churches, is in part being supplied with iron churches, which for cheapness, durability and comfort, are attracting considerable attention. Some half dozen have already been put up. Costing only \$5,000 each, and capable of seating seven hundred persons, they can be finished in five weeks' time. Such is that in St. Barnabas district, of which the pastor, Rev. J. Rodgers, says: "It is a most comfortable place of worship, well ventilated, warm in winter, cool in summer, will endure a hundred years, can be easily taken down when no longer needed in the district, and be removed to some other; it is ninety feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty feet high. It is lined with wood covered with canvas, and is papered."

MUSICALS.

L A U R A K E E N E ' S T H E A T R E . — M A R S H ' S J U V E N I L E C O M E D I A N S ,

Under the management of R. G. MARSH.

This popular Troupe having returned to this city after a lengthened tour through the States, where their reception has been most enthusiastic and popular, have engaged this elegant Theatre, and opened on Monday last, the 3rd instant, with

ALL THE OLD FAVORITES.

They appear nightly in their old as well as several new Pieces, Tableaux, Music, &c., &c.

SIGNORA FREZZOLINI,

Prima Donna from the Italian Operas in

P A R I S , L O N D O N and S T . P E T E R S B U R G ,

Will shortly arrive in America.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1857.

Frank Leslie's "Illustrirte Zeitung."

On Saturday last we published the first number of our German illustrated paper. The positive encouragement we received as an incentive to commence the enterprise, was sufficient to place the paper from the beginning beyond the contingencies of an experiment; but our achieved success, and the prospects of the future regarding the *Illustrated Zeitung*, surpass our most sanguine anticipations, and from the beginning we have in our possession one of the most widely circulated German papers in the country. The hearty manner in which the most influential representatives of the population to which this paper is addressed have come forward with their substantial support, is a cause of no common gratulation, more particularly so when we remember that whatever our German friends adopt, provided it is worthy, they sustain with unwavering fidelity. The *Illustrated Zeitung* will be a first-class paper in every respect, and no expense will be spared to render it in every department worthy of the influential and rapidly increasing population hailing from the "fatherland."

A NEW PHASE OF CRIMINAL TRIALS.

A very singular exhibition of vanity is displaying itself on the part of professional witnesses, which would not be worth noticing were it not for the evil effects which follow. We allude to the medical faculty, or that part of them who, on being called to attend a *post-mortem* examination, go beyond their province, and not only say what is the appearance of the wounds and injuries examined, but then very pompously state what kind of instrument was used to produce the evils complained of, and generally conclude with this intense exhibition of vanity—that the blows, if fatal, must have been given by a professional man, otherwise they could not have been aimed with such effect at vital parts.

Now it is an instinct of nature for the angry man, or the man inflamed with the passion of murder, to seek the vital parts of his victim, and this is not only true of men but of beasts. You might as well say that the ferret and the tiger have taken a course of lectures to learn the situation of the jugular vein in the neck of the rat or the deer, as to say that a human being must necessarily go through the same training to reach the victim's throat. The common black bear will, in a fight, bite a dog across the spine, exactly where anatomists would say the bear would most perfectly disable the dog; the "spike" buck always aims at the heart of his adversary; the hound in a chase endeavors to hamstring what it may be pursuing, and bites exactly where anatomists would direct the wound-dealing teeth. The instincts of animal life teach their lessons with more certainty than do medical practitioners, and it is as ridiculous to say, that there is not inbred in our natures the instinct to do our fellows injury, as it would be to say that we must be taught by anatomists to eat and drink. Again, a wound is produced; often as in the case of a plain stab, the weapon can be described, because the very "mould of it" is before the eye; but wounds and punctures are often produced, that suggest one kind of instrument, that may have been inflicted with something entirely different. We were once the unwilling witness of a fight between two men when one cut the other's cheek with his knuckles, leaving a fearful gash that seemed to have been done with a "bowie." Because proof was indisputable that *no knife was used*, the inflicter of the wound escaped severe punishment; and yet, to all superficial examination, the wound was done with a knife. In the recent case of the young man from Hoboken, who was so severely beaten in a grogery in New York that he died, the murderers, in our opinion, get clear, from the consummate vanity of the physician who made the *post-mortem* examination, he testifying, not only that certain wounds were fatal, but going further, and minutely describing the weapon that inflicted the fatal wound, which weapon was not in the hands of the probable murderers. Such conduct as this is an usurpation of the secrets of Providence, and should be done away with at once.

GREAT RACE FOR THE GOODWOOD CUP, ENGLAND.

It is admitted by every one present that the recent meeting at Goodwood, England, at which appeared the American horses, Pryor and Prioree, was the most brilliant in the annals of modern racing. The weather was unexceptionable, the English horses the best in existence, and beside the French representatives, for the first time, an English racetrack was tried by American competitors; so that the three great powers of the world came together through the medium of horseflesh. The horses, at the end of the race, came up to the stand as follows, first Monarque, second The horses came up to the stand as follows, first Monarque, second Riseber, third Fisherman, fourth Anton, fifth Mary, sixth Pryor, seventh Kestrel, eighth Melissa, ninth Viscount, tenth Prioree, eleventh Gemma di Vergy, twelfth Arsenal, thirteenth Gunboat, fourteenth Florin. The defeat of our horses must be taken in all kindness, and if it is any comfort to the disappointed, they may compromise on the fact, that it was a French horse that took the cup, so that the English have never won a race where American horses are competing for the prize. The understanding is, that these American horses are entered for other races; if this is the case we predict, with the experience of the causes of two or three defeats to guide him, that Mr. Ten Broek will yet win a race and vindicate the unequalled speed of American horses.

LIFE AT THE WATERING-PLACES—OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

OCEAN HOUSE, Newport, R. I., August 14, 1857.

FRIEND LESLIE,—I came here on Wednesday morning—just two days ago. If you expect any picturesqure or particular description of my voyage hither, you will be disappointed. My recollections of it—for I have had such an exceedingly jolly time, and crowded so much of pleasant experience within the past two days, that antecedents have already retrograded into the background of my memory—are mostly in connection with the berth aboard the steamer Metropolis into which I betook myself immediately after supper, by way of compensation for an involuntary abbreviation of my preceding night's slumber. The said berth, it is true, proved so hot on the sultry August evening, that had I been physiologically constituted like the elder Mr. Willet (see Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge")—so that caloric and ideas were evolved in equal proportions—I ought, verily, to have melted into an intellectual stew. As it proved, however, I did nothing of the sort, but went to sleep amid a noise as of a Niagara of knives and forks, and an atmosphere which might have proved highly conducive to the growth of cucumbers—walking up at midnight to find the huge cabins comparatively cool and very quiet. And then I dressed, extemporized a cocktail from materials supplied by a sleepy bar-keeper—(don't eat this out in deference to your temperance subscribers; I may find it necessary, strictly for the benefit of the paper, to get intoxicated hereafter, and it's advisable to prepare my readers gradually for such a possibility)—and went on deck. There I sat on the fore part of the vessel, the recipient of a breezy blow (out) on the part of Boreas, watching the trembling billows of the moonlit sea, thinking of Columbus, and conversing with a young Bostonian, who was returning to his native city from a recent sojourn in New York, and—like all the young Bostonians I have encountered—infinitely preferred the latter city. Two o'clock brought us to Newport. And here, though I am proverbially reminded to "speak well of the boat" which has carried me safe hither—and can, honestly, express my approval and admiration of the general arrangements of the magnificent Metropolis—yet let me suggest that the absence of any system of checking baggage appears to create some delay and more discomfort to passengers. I, who always travel sans carpet-bag and nothing else, and would undertake, in behalf of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, to go to the top of Chimborazo or Popocatetl, with no greater inconviences than a short pipe, a jack-knife, a bit of string and sketching materials, suffered no more of these than were comprised in my carrying till less happy voyagers had issued directions as to their mova-bages, when away we were brough through the deserted streets of the "quiet, old-fashioned, quiet town"—for which description see Longfellow—in the OCEAN HOUSE.

I request you will set up these words in the biggest kind of capitals consistent with the uniform elegance of your typography; as, also, henceforth to receive the hotel they designate into your most unqualified faith. If you have any respect for me, and I flatter myself that a more signal proof of the existence of that feeling in your bosom could scarcely be imagined, than your confiding to me my present important mission, you will at once do so. Reasons for the same will stick out, like hairs on the head of an unkempt boy, in every direction, in the course of my artistic and literary labors. With that admirable regard for the self-respect of your employees, which I trust you will ever retain, you left me free to choose my hotel. I naturally went to the best. And with similar appreciation of what is due to you, no less than to myself, I order the most expensive wines at dinner, smoke the best of cigars, and ask every male individual who looks virtuous and intelligent—in other words, like a subscriber to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*—to take drinks with me. I am certain you will appreciate my zeal in these particulars.

Well, I went to the Ocean House. You know there are four crack hotels here, of which the "Ocean" is the very tip-toppest. I am not sure but that I should maintain this if it were not the fact, for I believe in loyalty, whether to a man's country or temporary location. Doubtless, if I were at the "Atlantic" I should write we were quite as good, though not quite so big, as the "Ocean"; if at the "Fillmore" I should pride myself on its selectness; if at the "Believe" on it's something-or-other—fashion will do. But I have "been around" generally—seen all of them—and I am prepared to maintain that we are the best.

In the first place, we've more accommodation, especially in the way of necessities, huge rooms devoted to special purposes, a capital promenade clear through the building—which I shall speak more hereafter—bowling alleys, and the like exterior conveniences, chief among which is a great "Ocean Hall" for dancing, concerts, etc. (This, too, in addition to an extraordinary ball-room in which "hops" of, say a couple of hundred couples, are extemporized every evening.) Then we can't be beat, if squared—gastronomically or upholstarily. And, lastly, we have—I am ready to risk the consequences of this assertion—decidedly the *handsomest ladies* staying at the Ocean House.

It's true, on the word of an artist. I have just quitted the promenade, after dinner, where I'd much rather be now, than performing my duty to you; for am I not mortal? and is not the contemplation of beautiful women one of the most exquisite of pleasures humanity is capable of receiving? I verily believe that the production of such is just the noblest thing this Republic has accomplished. And I swear it's a pity to think that they should ever grow old or alter. I same away with that feeling strong upon me, on looking at Miss—

Now, you must know that, until a very recent period, I entertained a wild idea that inserting—or even half-inserting—a lady's name in a newspaper simply because she was good enough to oblige humanity by being beautiful, was a breach of good taste. And not this alone, but I actually conceived that such an act might excite displeasure in the fair bosoms over which printer's ink was indiscretely sprinkled—albeit in homage and benediction. And I fancy this error is not uncommon, for I recollect an instance of a literary gentleman of great merit and ability, whose insurmountable delicacy on this subject provoked his recall from Saratoga, whither he had been despatched as "Watering-place Correspondent" to the *New York Daily*—; for it surely could not have been his living at the rate of one hundred dollars a week, and charging it to "the shop," which caused it! His substitute—whether from modesty or indolence I know not—resorted to an ingenuous expedient to satisfy his employers and the public. Like Bumble in "Oliver Twist," he invented names, or rather initials. With the exception of greatly mystifying the innumerable ladies who tried to identify these imaginary belles, and, as I should now judge, disappointing the real one, this succeeded admirably.

To return. My enlightenment on the above subject originated in my accidental presence, one evening, when the six o'clock mail was made up. I then saw, at the very lowest computation, fifty copies of the current *Newport Daily News*, which issue, to my certain knowledge, contained upwards of a column of dashed ladies' names, besides brief descriptions of their styles of dress and feature—as "very attractive," "elegant," "very pretty, white and green." These latter epithets, I infer, were applied rather to the costume of "Miss Sarah G—, of Newport" than to her *physique*, as I have rarely encountered these colors in the physiognomy of even a sea-side belle. Well, many of these papers were both addressed to and directed by ladies. So I have arrived at the conclusion that they rather like it than otherwise.

Now, *Frank Leslie's Newspaper* is, as everybody knows, particularly devoted to the sex. Hence my duty is perfectly clear. I must put the ladies' names, or as much of them as is customary (I don't see why all shouldn't be admitted, myself), into my letter.

Place aux dames, then! Here's my list of the present belles of the Ocean House. You will be kind enough to understand, very positively, that it's not stolen from the before mentioned *Newport News*. I shall explain hereafter how I achieved possession of so much knowledge, and challenge the reader's gratitude towards a Gifted Being who really assisted me in this important matter, and whom I appreciate too highly to submit him to the indignity of an introduction towards the latter end of a letter.

Attention! Let the leader tune his soul to as fine a harmony as he would wish to produce Shakespeare's most exquisite sonnets or love scenes with, while I respectfully, as admiringly, name—

Mrs. Th—n, of New York, nee Miss M—y Hy—p. Emphatically the most beautiful woman in the house. A belle of Newport for some seasons. She has been married a year.

Mrs. Br—n, wife of Dr. B., of New York. Sister to the above.

Mrs. Ten—i, of Philadelphia. Also a leading Newport belle of half a dozen seasons.

Mrs. J. W. Fas—i; sister to the above. A dashing beauty, in her prime. Mrs. Ker—n, of New York. Formerly the celebrated Miss Lottie Og—. An exquisitely fair beauty and, unquestionably, the best dancer in the house.

Miss Grace Og—n, sister to the above, and also a blonde. The Newport News denominates this lady "a fair representative of morning." I don't know why. I've seen a few fine day-dawas in my time, but never any worthy of comparison with such a lovely woman.

Miss Ros—i, of Baltimore. Of a most queenly presence and perfect figure. Going to be married, and no wonder.

Her sister. Handsome.

Miss Hig—i, of New York. Tall, slender, ingenuous, and an exquisite dresser.

La Señorita Apas—i, from Cuba. Handsome brunettes.

Mrs. Nav—o, formerly Miss Dy—s, of New York. An excellent pianist.

Her sister. Just blooming into womanhood.

There, that must do for the present. I don't mean to say that my list is at all complete, but I maintain it's admirably correct as far as it goes. Couldn't you add the above in golden letters as an appropriate compliment to the fair subjects? I don't suppose it would cost more than \$1,000, and surely you wouldn't mind that, when giving a moment's pleasure to beautiful women in question?

It is not to be expected that I'm going to bestow anything like the same attention upon the gentlemen celebrities which the ladies have justly claimed. I shall merely lump them together. Captain Ramsien, of the English army (a Crimean hero), fancy; Count Armenteros, from Havana; Dr. Brush, Mr. Coster, Mr. Thorn, and S. P. Townsend, all of New York; Brignoli and Count Stankovich. La Grange is here, with her husband, of course. I hear

CITY GOSSIP.

NEW YORK WITHOUT MEANS AND WITHOUT CREDIT.
WHEN we think of the immense wealth of the city of New York and the enormous amount paid for taxation, it will read as fabulous that the city property, the fittings-up of the public offices, pictures, &c., have been brought under the auctioneer's hammer upon judgment rendered against the city for debts unpaid and contracts unfulfilled. And yet this is the fact. Some property has already been sold, and everything contained in the public offices has been seized at the suit of Robert W. Lowber for a debt of \$196,000 and costs. The sale was to have taken place on the 13th inst., but at the earnest suggestion of the Corporation Counsel, Mr. Bussey, it was postponed for a few days, in order to find some means of discharging the debt. The Comptroller, Mr. Flagg, pronounced the postponement absurd, as it would be impossible to raise the money—it could not be paid out of the five per cent. bonds nor out of the sinking fund, and there was no law that would enable him to issue bonds to pay the debt.

The following is a history of how the city became indebted to Mr. Lowber:

As far back as 1853 it appears that some of the residents between Houston and Twenty-third streets, along the East river, petitioned the Common Council to erect a market in that locality, on the ground that they were compelled either to purchase their produce from the retail dealers or go to Washington market for their provisions. These petitions continued to be circulated, until at length, in August, 1856, under the pressure of petitions and other means, the Council passed a resolution directing the Comptroller to advertise for sealed proposals to sell to the city a block suitable for a market, which he did, naming the sixth November as the day on which the bids should be opened. On that day three bids were submitted, namely, the block from Tenth to Eleventh streets; the block between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, avenue A and First avenue, and the block between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets—Mr. Lowber's property—now at issue. It was found on investigation that the first lot would cost, when fit for the required purpose, \$223,000; the second would cost, at the price asked, \$197,911, with ten years longer on a portion of it, which would have to be extinguished at considerable expense; the third (Lowber's) lot was offered at \$196,000, free of incumbrances.

Mr. Lowber's property was accepted by a large majority of votes, and the Comptroller was directed to purchase accordingly. He deliberately refuses to pay for the property, and hence the suit, and judgment, and seizure of all the property of the city offices for public sale. Mr. Lowber stated that had the sale taken place he intended to buy in all the valuable property, such as the pictures, &c., and hold them for the city until his debt was liquidated.

HOW DID THAT DOG GET BACK FROM FORT LEE?

A few days since the proprietor of a sugar store not a hundred miles from the Astor Place Hotel, started very early in the morning with his pet dog and a friend, and sailed up the North river, landing at Fort Lee. Returning, they jumped hastily into the boat while the dog was yet at a distance, and a sudden squall arising they were compelled to put out, leaving their dog behind. They endeavored in vain to beat back, for the gale blew so heavily that they had to avail themselves of all their power to prevent their small boat swamping. They reached the city after a long and dangerous passage, the owner of the dog deeply regretting the loss of his favorite. On arriving at his store imagined his surprise at being welcomed by his (supposed) lost pet. Yes! there was the little creature seated before his own door half wild with joy at seeing his master again! Now, how did this dog reach the city? He must have swam across the river, or waited for the steamer, or he must have trotted eight miles on the Jersey shore to the Hoboken ferry! It is a wonderful instinct that directed this dumb creature the way it should travel, and confounds our pride in superiority of intelligence, making us involuntarily believers in the doctrines of the Metempsychosis.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM IN THE TOMBS.

Mrs. Cunningham has been removed from her house, 31 Bond street, and has been lodged in the Tombs. She was conveyed thither in a carriage, and seemed to be suffering severely. The usual crowding and excitement took place, but every care was taken to prevent a disturbance of the peace. The doctors called in declare that she has no illness further than a little debility caused by excitement. Hera is a sad situation, and notwithstanding our deep sense of the crimes she has burdened herself with, a sentiment of pity for her present position creeps in, despite our reason. We pity the poor children, too! What a load of infamy, prejudice, oppression and injustice they will have to struggle with, not only in the present but in the future! The entail of sin is a bitter condition of our existence, but it is inevitable.

THE REAL MOTHER AND BABY ON EXHIBITION.

By permission of our great legal functionary, the District Attorney, Mrs. Cunningham's sham baby and its real mother are being exhibited at Barnum's Museum. We are authorized to state that it was at no time contemplated that our great legal family should form one of the interesting group on exhibition, although we think he would have proved the greater attraction of the two. But the city could not spare him; the wheels of government could not move unless its main spring was present and in good order. The exhibition of the mother and the child is truly a disgusting affair; a miserable pandering to a morbid and beastly appetite, which should rather be repressed than sanctioned by high legal authority. The speculation has not paid, we understand, but we trust that the poor woman was well remunerated.

THE NEW LECTURE MOVEMENT.

A movement, if not in advance of the times, at least fully up to its spirit, has been made by Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood. These gentlemen have an immense number of young girls in their employ upon regular wages, and in a spirit of commanding liberality they decided to engage the services of an able lecturer upon "The Laws of Health" and other useful subjects, once a week, so that the girls might learn something of their own conformation, and the means and conditions of their being. These gentlemen spare an hour or two a week to their employees for this object, and though it is at a heavy cost to themselves, still, we think, the increased comfort and intelligence of the girls will amply compensate them, and they will have a still greater and better reward in the consciousness of having done their duty, than half a thousand hooped skirts more or less would afford. We approve of the movement cordially, and hope to see the example generally followed.

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

A few days since a circumstance occurred at one of our principal hotels which has created a great deal of interest and excitement, partly from the fact that the parties belong to the very highest circles, and the lady is exceedingly beautiful and accomplished. The facts are as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. G. —, of New Orleans, have been in the habit of coming to the North in the summer season, making the tour of the Springs, and, while in New York, stopping at a leading hotel. During one of these excursions they became acquainted with Mr. G. F.—, a fast and fascinating young man, celebrated for his success among the fair sex. This season they met at the Springs, and recently at the hotel in this city, where the *dissensuous* took place.

The husband's jealousy becoming aroused, he tried the old dodge of all jealous husbands, feigned a pressing engagement, and a desire to "look around," and should not be back before late at night. Instead of that, he returned in about two hours, tried the door of his room, and found it locked, burst it open, and discovered his frail but fair wife disrobed, and in the arms of a young gentleman, who also at that moment owed nothing of his personal advantages to his tailor. In this condition he rushed into the bath-room, the infuriated husband following him, and beating him soundly, and crushing his head and face until it was a mass of bruises. Returning to his guilty wife, he bade her prepare to leave the hotel instantly, which they did together.

Mr. G. F. who has so distinguished himself in this shameful affair, belongs to a very wealthy family, and was an *attaché* at the courts of Brussels and Stockholm under the Pierce administration, and it is said, has had several missions. He was formerly a *cavaliere servente* to K. H., a celebrated courtesan, who afterwards became a spiritualist and went to Paris, where she died in a hospital. At the same time he formed an intimacy with Miss C., the daughter of one of the first families in the city, her father owning a fine estate on Broadway, which has since been used for medical and exhibition purposes.

Another of his victims was the beautiful Mrs. W., who was said to be passionately attached to him, having the faculty of winning affection in a remarkable degree. These incidents reveal a frightful state of morals in what is termed our "best society." Every fresh discovery tends to show that the glitter of wealth and fashion serves only to cover a mass of the darkest corruption.

FATAL COLLISION IN THE SOUND.

The Fall River steamer Metropolis, for New York, ran into the propeller J. W. Harris, for New London and Norwich, on the Long Island Sound, about two o'clock A. M. on Saturday, the 15th inst. The propeller sank in less than two minutes in sixteen fathoms of water. The passengers were all below, asleep, and, horrible to relate, fifteen of them were drowned. The Metropolis took the propeller for a sailing vessel, and steering according to the recognized rule in such cases, ran into instead of avoiding her. Nearly all the unfortunate passengers lost were residents of this city and Brooklyn. The following is a list of the names:

Jesse L. Smith, wife of A. W. Smith, Esq., of 181 Concord street, Brooklyn; Harriet Smith, daughter of Dr. J. Smith, 10 years of age, New York; John Smith, 9 years of age, son of Capt. Leonard Smith, of New London; Eliza Smith, daughter of Dr. J. Smith, do., do.; a gentleman, wife and child, unknown; Stephen Prentiss, mate of the propeller; George Allen, deck hand; Daniel Daley, deck hand; James —, deck hand; Ann Willits, cook; Mary Wilthers, chambermaid.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SILENT SETTLEMENT OF THE TREATY WITH NEW GRANADA.
GENERAL HERRAN and Secretary Cass have closed their informal conferences on the New Granadian treaty, and the result will be reduced to writing and the treaty concluded, it is supposed, during the next week.

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

The Southern Commercial Convention, assembled at Knoxville on Tuesday, adopted resolutions calling upon the Government to withdraw the squadron from the coast of Africa, and to fortify the harbors of Mobile and Port Royal, South Carolina. Resolutions endorsing Dudley Mann's scheme, advocating

Government patronage for Southern steamers, and repealing the fishing bounties, were offered and referred.

THE INDIAN DIFFICULTIES.

Commissioner Denver received a lengthy report to-day from Indian Agent Culver, giving a detailed account of the Indian disturbances in Minnesota and the Lower Sioux agency.

Inka-pa-du-ta and his band had been given up to Justice.

Great credit is due Little Crow, an influential Chief, for the successful result of the enterprise.

A letter received to-day from the Superintendent of Indian affairs for the North-western superintendence of Minnesota, states that the Yanktons had driven all the settlers from the neighborhood East of Big Sioux River, and that a portion of them had expressed themselves favorable to making a treaty. The Superintendent is inclined to believe that before all the troubles with the Sioux can be permanently settled, it will be necessary to make new treaties with them, holding them by stipulations of a strong and binding character to the observance of peaceful relations with the United States, and responsible for all depredations.

TREATY BETWEEN COSTA RICA AND NICARAGUA.

The latest advices from San Juan state that a treaty has been concluded between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. The conditions are as follows: Nicaragua is to have all her old boundaries, except one side of San Juan river, from Fort Castillo down (ninety-two miles) to the harbor of San Juan del Norte, taking in Punta Arenas, which includes all the buildings of the company.

RENEWAL OF THE REVOLUTION IN PERU.

In Peru the revolution had been renewed. Vivanco's headquarters at Arequipa were surrounded by the Government troops, under General San Roman and Colonel Friere. San Roman advanced on the city in order to besiege it, but on the 29th of June the inhabitants rushed out and attacked him with great fury, driving back his advanced posts and penetrating the centre of his lines. On the 30th of June Vivanco renewed the fight, and same evening had encircled San Roman's force, each claiming the victory. This was the most bloody fight recorded in the history of the republic. The Government force lost from all sorts of casualties twelve hundred men, whilst the revolutionists lost five hundred soldiers. The frigate Apurimac was still at Islay, with six hundred and fifty men on board. At Callao a pronunciamento of the regiments stationed there in favor of Vivanco was looked for. A good many officers had been placed under arrest.

ISLAND OF CUBA.

A severe money panic has prevailed in Havana. The Spanish Bank of Havana suffered severely, but was promptly aided by the Captain-General, who lent the sum of \$2,000,000 to its coffers. Gen. Concha advised and empowered the Spanish Bank to issue \$6,000,000 of deposit certificates in small and large sums to suit the general want, at interest for six, eight and ten months, to be received at public offices as gold. The amount of absolute protection on the night of the 7th inst. was \$8,500,000. This operated like a charm, and public confidence was restored.

MEXICO.

By recent advices from Sonora we learn that Colonel Crabb, before he was executed, made statements which compromised some influential men. General Yanan was very ill. Senor Jesus Almada was arrested in Sonora by Mexican troops, along with four Americans who were in his company. The Americans were put to death. Our correspondent in Acapulco, writing on the 28th of July, states that the reported return of Santa Anna was received by the people with great indignation. From Cartagena we have a copy of a paper signed by Santa Anna, explanatory of his anti-Comonfort address and general policy.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE news by the last arrivals is of considerable interest. The accounts of the progress of the war in India and China, the completion of the submarine cable, and the commencement of the delicate task of laying it down, and the result of the race for the Goodwood Cup, will be perused by our thousands of readers with eagerness and interest.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH ARRIVAL AT CORK.

All the vessels comprising the expedition for laying the Atlantic telegraph cable had arrived at Cork. It was intended that they should leave that port for Valentia on the 31st of July or the 1st of August, and that, the weather permitting, the shore rope should be landed, and the vessels commence sinking the cables on the 3d or 4th of August. It is intended strictly to avoid giving priority of information, and to afford no facilities for jobbing or speculation during the laying of the cable. A house was being constructed at the terminus, into which would be introduced the end of the cable, and during the progress of the laying of it no one will have permission there, excepting the Secretary of the Company and his assistants, and they will avoid all communication with persons outside. Progress will be reported daily to all parts of Europe. The paying-out experiments from the Agamemnon, between Dover and Queenstown, were perfectly successful.

The following was the latest telegraph despatch regarding the cable:

QUEENSTOWN, July 31, 1857.
RICHARD STUART, Esq., Agent of the Associated Press, Liverpool:

The submarine cable on board the Niagara and Agamemnon, over twenty-five hundred miles long, was joined together last evening, and messages sent through its entire length in less than a second. Everything works beautifully, and we are all in high spirits. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is expected to witness the commencement of the proceedings.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

The royal assent had been given to the bill incorporating the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

THE MUTINY IN INDIA.

Rumors were very prevalent that Delhi had been taken; but according to the last authentic accounts, dated June 17, it was still in the possession of the insurgents. It was very generally believed in London, on the strength of the communication from the East India House, that Delhi had fallen after the close of official hours, and accordingly an advance took place in Consols.

THE BENGAL ARMY.

The Bombay Times, of July 1, says the rebellion is universal in the Bengal army, and even the 70th Regiment of Native Infantry, which was publicly thanked by the Governor General in person for its loyalty three weeks before, had been disarmed.

A list is given of the fifty-six regiments or portions of regiments which have mutinied, while thirty have been disarmed and one disbanded. In fact the Bengal army has ceased to exist.

THE MADRAS ARMY.

Not a symptom of dissatisfaction has as yet appeared in the Madras army, which manifested perfect loyalty, and repelled indignantly every attempt made to seduce them from their allegiance by emissaries from the Bengal troops.

REPORTED FALL OF DELHI.

The fall of Delhi will do more to quench rebellion than anything else.

A letter from Binney & Co. (a highly respectable firm), dated Madras, June 27, states positively that official intelligence had reached Madras on the previous day of the fall of Delhi.

SPREAD OF THE MUTINY.

There is some anxiety about the Nizam's country, as the First Regiment of Cavalry had mutinied, and there were great atrocities committed at Hanze and Hesar, but many Europeans escaped. No Europeans were killed at Arunghad. The Bhurpoor levies had mutinied and the officers were obliged to fly, but none of them were injured. At Alibabad twenty-six Europeans and their families were killed, including eleven officers.

CALCUTTA.—MEASURED OF DEFENCE.

The defence of Calcutta has become a subject of great anxiety to the European Government, which had yielded to the pressure, and consented to the enrolment of a corps of volunteer guards, who patrol the streets at night.

In Calcutta and the neighborhood great excitement existed owing to the discovery of a conspiracy for a general uprising on the part of the Mussulman population and seizure of the city by them. The inhabitants keep themselves armed, and the public buildings, hotels and other principal places, are garrisoned by sailors belonging to ships in the river. The French Consul at Calcutta called together all the French inhabitants and captains of French vessels, and desired them to furnish and equip a force of armed men to watch over the safety of the European community. French families were being taken on board vessels.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Further details of the naval operations in the Canton river states that on the 27th of May thirteen junks were destroyed, and that on the 28th twenty-seven heavy armed junks were captured.

On the 8th of June 2,000 of the British naval force were engaged, and captured a fort and took or destroyed 127 junks, mounting over 900 guns, with 9,000 men. The British lost three officers and eight men, and fifty-six wounded—some mortally.

COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

At Shanghai freights were unaltered.

At Hong Kong the export of tea from the 1st of July last year to the 10th of June was 68,468,000 pounds; and of silk, 72,500 bales.

At Singapore a good business was doing in imports. Produce was in good demand, but the supplies were scanty. Sterling exchange 4s. 10d. and 5s. The new crop of Naukin silk was reported to be fine and abundant, but prices were very high.

At Foo Choo the supplies of tea were small and quotations were advancing. General Burnham and staff arrived at Hong Kong on the 16th of June. Lord Elgin was at Singapore.

The United States frigate San Jacinto remained at Hong Kong.

SILENT BRITAIN.

Rumors were current that the Government intended to send 10,000 additional troops to India.

A large and influential delegation from the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester had an interview with Lord Palmerston, for the purpose of submitting to him certain proposals, by means of which a largely increased supply may be obtained from India. The result of the interview was not stated.

Mr. Muntz, the well known reformer, and member of Parliament for Burying,

ham for seventeen years, died on the 20th. There was some talk of putting Mr. John Bright in nomination to fill the vacancy.

There had been a great political demonstration at Rochdale, composed principally of non-electors. Resolutions were passed declaring, that it is the right of every man who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years to have a vote in the election of members of Parliament, and to have the protection of the ballot in the exercise of that right, and that there ought to be a distribution of the constituencies throughout the United Kingdom equalized in proportion to the population.

FRANCE.

The Emperor returned to Paris from Plombières on Wednesday.

The *Journal de l'Europe* intimates that it has been officially decided that the New York line of transatlantic steamers is to be granted to Havre with a subvention of three million francs; the Antilles line to Nantes with six million subvention; and the Brazil line to Bordeaux and Marseilles with five million subvention.

The trial of the Italians and others for a conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon, takes place on the 6th or 8th of August.

It is reported from Paris that the result of the elections had proved so unsatisfactory, that a modification of universal suffrage is contemplated.

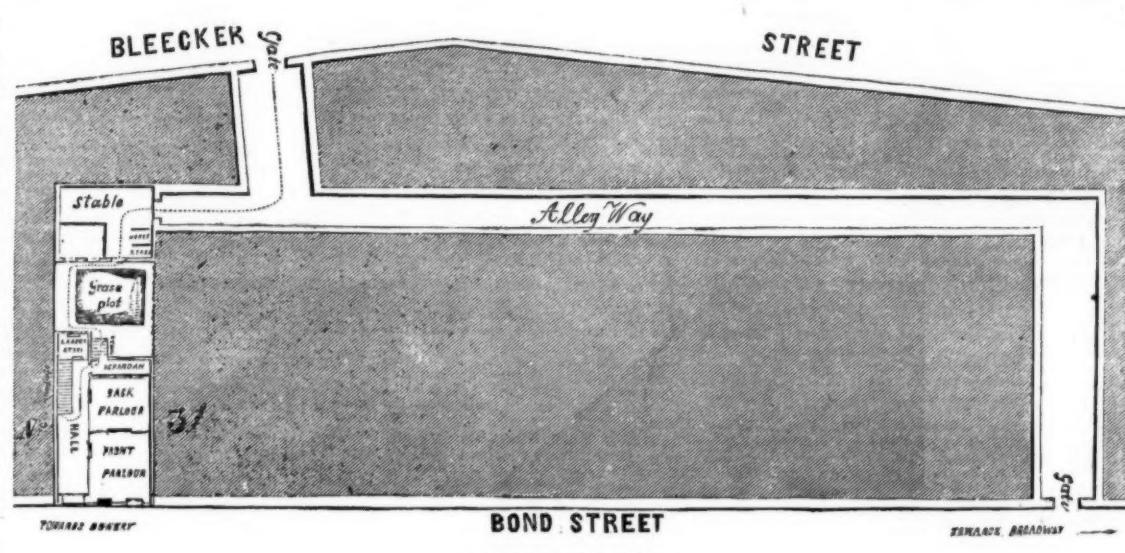
The three per cents. closed on Friday at 66s. 8s. The majority of the directors of the Bank of France, on Thursday, rejected the proposition for lowering the rate of discount to five per cent.



VIEW OF BOND STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE BOWERY, DR. BURDELL'S HOUSE (NO. 31) IN THE FOREGROUND. EXCITEMENT ATTENDING THE REMOVAL OF MRS. CUNNINGHAM TO THE TOMBS.

**DR. BURDELL'S HOUSE,
31 BOND STREET.**

THERE have been some very readable books written entitled, "Visits to Remarkable Places," but we know of no work essentially American that can be included under such a heading; not that we are destitute of "remarkable places," but our people as a general thing do not seem to possess a taste that way. The city of New York has been so entirely built over within the last score of years that we are without any revolutionary relics, and "modern inventions" have never reached the dignity of exciting curiosity, save and except for the locality known as 31 Bond street. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there has been created an interest about that house that has reached every class of society—the snob and the excitement-seeker, the exquisite and the loafer, the refined and the vulgar, the old and the young,



BOND STREET

PLAN OF BURDELL BLOCK.

each door more numerous, less tasteful; and, altogether, you get an idea of a forced mushroom look, that tells plainly of struggling professional pride, and a still unconquered business position.

Dr. Burdell's house occupies the middle ground; it is about the centre of the row on the southern side, and is about one of the best buildings in the locality. It is built of marble, and at present reminds the philosophic spectator of a whitened sepulchre. Like a tomb, it is fair on the exterior, while all within is filled with moral skeletons, decay and death. Every object about it, could they find voice, would be eloquent of crime—of heartless misery—of glaring display without an object—of unparalleled wickedness—the excitement attending its committal being the chief reward. Among the characteristics of the street are a great number of trees, which

the countryman and the metropolitan, have all, with equal curiosity and wonder, stolen down Bond street, cast a hasty glance at "No. 31," speculated upon its concealed mysteries, and sighed with the desire to have them divulged. We have plenty of places that have been the scenes of murder and crime, but they were never elevated into an interest; they rather created disgust, not inquiry, and were soon intentionally forgotten; but long years hence the story will be told of the mysterious murder of Dr. Burdell, and some antiquarian who represents Mr. Valentine of a century to come, will mention among his reminiscences of New York, the spot and the circumstances, and the romance writer of that distant day will borrow inspiration from the tradition, and improve his want of invention from the still remembered and surpassingly strange incidents.

Bond street twenty years ago was one of the most fashionable and elegant streets in our metropolis, and there still reside in it some of our best families. The houses are large, and on the whole quite as convenient as the more pretentious residences in the more fashionable quarters, and we may add they are now held at princely prices. Within the last few years the majority of these dwellings have been taken possession of by dentists, and the number of teeth that are pulled out or "filled" in Bond street, in one day, would afford a curious statistic. The consumption of gold alone is an item, to say nothing of the baser metals. Why so much business is done by dentists in these modern times is a question of far more importance to the Academy of Medicine than the propriety of Dr. Uhl's conduct in exposing the "baby fraud," for it is still a matter of discussion whether the dentists in Bond street are a cause or a result of the infirmities of our teeth.

Bond street, in technical language, is but a "block long;" it extends only from Broadway to the Bowery. Starting from the principal thoroughfare, you proceed toward the east, and witness a constant deterioration in the "atmosphere" of the houses until you reach the extreme end; the bricks and mortar may be the same, the manner of architecture equal, but you perceive as you advance that the buildings are more crowded, the signs about



ENTRANCE OF THE ALLEY WAY LEADING FROM BOND STREET.



ENTRANCE OF THE ALLEY WAY LEADING FROM BLEECKER STREET.

are so thrifty as to render a general view difficult to produce. Before every house there are two or more, until you come to the fated "31;" the vicinity, like the fabled upas, poisoning all vegetable life, for here the trees are dead, the vacancy being more observable by the surrounding contrast.

Since the morning on which Dr. Burdell was announced as murdered, the premises have been sadly neglected. The dust of summer has settled on the projections of the windows and steps; the front door is still marked by the rude usage it received at the time of the "Connery inquest," and the cut on the edge of the door, where the blood-spot was removed by the "medical commission," is still a sickly-looking scar.

The sale, by the order of the Surrogate, of the doctor's furniture, stripped the house of most of its internal embellishments; the parlors are now cold and naked, and the second story would have been equally so, if Mrs. Cunningham had not, in her maternal feelings, decided that "her blessed baby should not be born amid bare walls and floors;" she therefore furnished the "sick room," and relieved it of the general dilapidation.

We give the rear of the building up to the windows of the room in which the doctor was murdered. It was suggested by those who wished to relieve the inmates of the house of any complicity with the crime, that the assassin



VIEW OF THE REAR OF 31 BOND STREET, THE UPPER WINDOWS ARE THOSE OPENING FROM THE ROOM IN WHICH DR. BURDELL WAS MURDERED.



THE ALLEY WAY AT THE REAR OF 31 BOND STREET, CONNECTING WITH BLEEKER AND BOND STREETS, NEAR BROADWAY, ALSO SHOWING DR. BURDELL'S STABLE AT THE END.

escaped, and perhaps entered from the rear, but this idea is not confirmed by any circumstances that have transpired since the fatal night, and Mrs. Cunningham protests that the stable was let to an outsider, who held the key, and that no one could go out through the yard and lanes without being observed. It is for the reader to act as an intelligent juryman, and after examining our detailed illustrated description, to decide on this question as his judgment dictates.

Standing at the rear door of the house, you look down the unoccupied part of the yard some thirty-six feet, and come to the stable which is built entirely across the lot. As will be seen, you enter it from the yard, and passing through come to a curious arrangement, which should deservedly attract attention. By referring to our plan, it will be perceived that there is a lane commencing near Broadway, running from Bond street through to Bleecker, the heads of which are protected by iron gates, which appear to be very rarely shut. Now from either street you can enter, pass on to the middle of the block, then turn at a right angle and reach the stable, upon the door of which is inscribed the mysterious numbers "31," and which stands in the rear of the house 31 Bond street. As great as appear to be the facilities afforded by this unusual entrance, no part of the exciting drama has so far identified the actors with this alley-way, and yet it affords every facility for secret communication, for attack and retreat.

The land appropriated as Bond street, originally formed part of what was known as the old Herring farm. It descended through different heirs, until David S. Jones, a grandson of Herring, disposed of a portion of the estate, including the lot now known as 31 Bond street. The vacant lots finally came into the possession of speculators in the shape of builders; Mr. Timothy Woodruff bought the lot for ten thousand dollars, and erected the house long famous as the scene of the Burdell murder and the sham accouchement of Mrs. Cunningham. On the 1st of May, 1852, the house and lot passed into the possession of Dr. Burdell, who bought it upon the foreclosure of mortgage for \$16,000 of the East River Fire Insurance Company.

While Mrs. Cunningham was in the Tombs on the charge of



PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER. SEE PAGE 179.

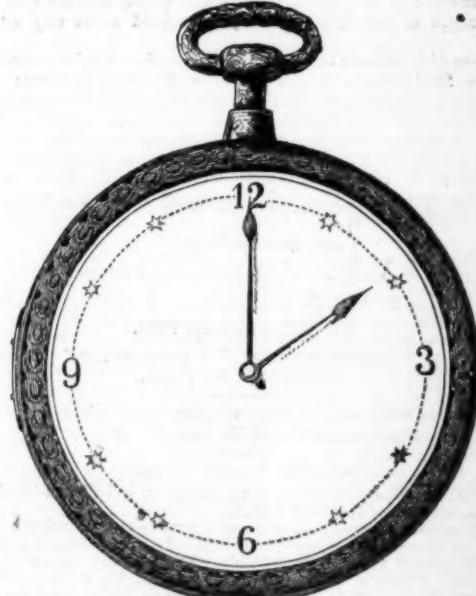
as it appears to me, that the matter of the safe and proper disposition of the accused is with you more than any one else. I claim that the house, the property of my clients, be freed from Mrs. Cunningham's presence.

Always respectfully,
CHARLES EDWARDS.
A. Oakey Hall, Esq.,
District Attorney.

This brought about a crisis, more particularly as Mrs. Cunningham's pretended sickness was no more worthy of even ridicule. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, Captain Dilks with patrolmen Smith and Van Coit proceeded to the house, with instructions to convey the prisoner to the Tombs. Upon reaching Mrs. Cunningham's room, she was found to be in bed, affecting serious indisposition. The officers told her that all applications in her favor had been denied by the courts, and that she must go to prison. Upon this announcement she desired permission to dress herself, the officers retiring from the room, leaving her daughters Augusta, Helen, and Georgiana to assist her. Upon hearing the necessity of removing her mother, Augusta fell senseless upon the floor. It is thought that this now to be pitied girl is fast hastening to the grave.

Mrs. Cunningham refused voluntarily to stir, and the officers had to carry her down stairs on a mattress, and in this feigned helpless condition she was placed in the carriage. She was dressed in black, and wore a veil; she was wrapped in shawls, as if in the last stage of sickness. She often moaned, but did not attempt to move, not even by a wave of the hand. The crowd in

the street had barely time to gather around the carriage before it was driven away, but they sent after her a parting salute of "There goes the woman that murdered Burdell." "Where



THE WATCH OF MAJOR ANDRE, OF REVOLUTIONARY MEMORY.

is my darling baby?" And in this way Mrs. Cunningham quitted No. 31 Bond street, for the last time. It is scarcely possible that she will ever enter its doors again.

(Concluded on page 186.)

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE'S WATCH.

The circumstances of the arrest of Major André, the British spy, within the American lines are familiar with every intelligent reader. A little before sunset, on the evening of the 22d of September, 1780, accompanied by a negro servant, he crossed the Hudson river at King's ferry. He passed the night with a farmer living about eight miles from Verplanck's Point. The next day, while a band of volunteers were out near Tarrytown to intercept any cattle that might be driven toward New York, three men of the party, Paulding, Van Wart and Williams, were lying on the side of the road a half mile above Tarrytown. Several persons whom they knew were allowed to pass, when one of the party said, "There comes a gentleman-like looking man who appears to be well dressed and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him." Whereupon Paulding presented his firelock to the person, told him to stand, and asked him which way he was going. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hope you belong to our party." Paulding asked him "what party?" He replied "the lower party." Paulding, who had but three days before escaped from the prison in the old Sugar House, New York, replied that he belonged to the lower party too. Then said the gentleman, "I am a British officer out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute." And to show that he was a British officer he pulled out his watch. (Extracts from minutes of the Judge Advocate taken on the trial of Major André.)

It seems that the possession of a watch was an absolute indication of an officer, and pulling it out and displaying it was a sign of rank.

The picture of the watch we give is represented, on what seems good authority, to be the one that belonged to André. It is in the possession of a gentleman named Chase, living in Horicon, Wisconsin, who claims to have received it direct through persons from Van Wart, one of André's captors, and there were men, it is said, quite recently living, who saw it in Van Wart's possession. How

true this may be needs confirmation, but the watch itself bear unmistakeable evidence of what appears to be genuineness.

Our engraving, which is of the exact size of the watch, shows its style better than any letter-press description could. It is a duplex movement; the cases are of the best of gold. The face of the watch is white enamel, with a belt of gold around it, figured, as will be perceived, thus: 12 * * 3 * * 6 * * 9 * *; the stars are of fine gold. The hands are of steel. On opening the watch you discover on the inside case, or shield to the works, the following: "Winds to the right." "From the hands." "JOHN ANDRE, 1774." The watch is yet an excellent time-keeper, and is highly appreciated, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but also from the fact that it is so intimately connected with the most stirring scenes of the Revolution. This watch, if genuine, should be in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

DR. BURDELL'S HOUSE, 31 BOND STREET.

(Concluded from page 186.)

The carriage drove rapidly to the Tombs, but on its arrival there about fifty or sixty people were assembled, who again saluted her in a similar manner to the crowd in Bond street. She was lifted out of the carriage and borne to the matron's room, where she—so those said that took her in—shamed insensibility, and was laid prostrate on the floor. Her forehead was bathed with vinegar and water, her daughter Helen, who had accompanied her, assisting the attendants. Helen thought her mother had really fainted, and cried bitterly. At length some person proposed that Dr. Covil, the physician of the city prison, should be sent for. At the mention of his name Mrs. Cunningham sat up and said she did not want a doctor. During her former confinement in the Tombs, she endeavored to convince Dr. Covil that she was *enceinte*, but that gentleman placed no faith in her statement, and would not listen to it. Accordingly she took a dislike to him, and the prospect of being placed under his care, evidently affords her no pleasure. The doctor was sent for, notwithstanding her objections, and on feeling her pulse pronounced her to be "all right." She had the appearance of a person who had been temporarily overcome by the heat of the weather, but otherwise she was better than when he last saw her, after her trial in the Oyer and Terminer.

Mrs. Cunningham, having been carried up stairs to the second corridor in the female department, was placed in the same cell she occupied before. Helen accompanied her and spent the afternoon with her, but was not allowed to remain with her at night. Mrs. Cunningham will not be permitted so many indulgences as on her former incarceration, and as her "troop of friends" have nearly all deserted her, the matron of the prison will not be troubled with a crowd of visitors. Immediately she reached her cell, she went to bed and began to groan. There cannot be a doubt that she is suffering intolerable agony from disappointed pride, and from the sudden destruction of her ambitious expectations. Not a feeling of remorse do we believe has yet entered her bosom, though one would suppose that the appearance of the agonised Augusta would move any living heart.

The mother secured in prison, the disconsolate children returned to the fatal house, where Helen and Augusta slept; but Georgiana, the youngest daughter, and beyond all doubt an innocent child, returned to the prison, and begged so hard to stay with her mother, that the request was granted. The following day the furniture was removed, and thus ended, we presume, the coercion of the Cunningham family with 31 Bond street. Who has more cause than this poor family to say that "the way of the transgressor is hard"?

DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LOURREQUE," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

A LONG, low whistle from Terry, as he threw up both his hands in the air, abruptly stopped his lordship.

"What do you mean; does the sum appear so tremendous, sir?"

"Five thousand! Where would I get it? Five thousand pounds! By the mortal man! your lordship might as well ax me for five millions. I thought it was a hundred; or, maybe, a hundred and fifty; or, at the outside, two hundred pounds, just to take you over to London for what they call the sayson, or to cut a figure at Paris; but, five thousand! By my conscience, that's the price of an estate now-a-days!"

"It is upon estates I intend to raise this loan, sir," said his lordship, angrily.

"Not Cushingreena, my lord?" asked Terry, eagerly.

"No, sir; that is secured by settlement."

"Nor Ballyrennin?"

"No; the townland of Ballyrennin is, in a manner, tied up."

"Tory's Mill, maybe?" inquired Terry, with more eagerness.

"Well, sir," said his lordship, drawing himself up, "I must really make you my compliments upon the very accurate knowledge you appear to possess about my estate. Since what period, may I venture to ask, have you conceived this warm interest in my behalf?"

"The way of it was this, my lord," said Driscoll, drawing his chair closer, and dropping his voice to a low, confidential tone. "After I had the fever—the fever and ague I told you about—I got up out of bed the poor crayture you see me, not able to think of anything, or do a hand's turn for myself, but just a burden on my friends or anybody that would keep me. Well, I tried all manner of ways to make myself useful, and I used to go errands here and there over the country for any one that wanted to know what land was to be sold, where there was a lot of good sheep, who had a drove of bullocks or a fancy bull; and just getting into the habit of it, I learned a trifle of what was doing in the three counties, so that the people called me 'Terry's Almanack'—that's the name they gave me, better than Tearin' Terry, anyhow! At all events, I got a taste for finding out the secrets of all the great families; and to be sure, if I only had the memory, I'd know a great deal, but my head is like a cullender, and everything runs out as fast as you put it in. That's how it is, my lord, and no lie in it." And Terry wiped his forehead and heaved a heavy sigh, like a man who had just accomplished a very arduous task.

"So, then, I begin to understand how Hankes sent you over here to me," said his lordship.

"Yes, my lord," muttered Terry, with a bow.

"I had been under the impression—the erroneous impression—that you were yourself prepared to advance this small sum."

"Me! Terry Driscoll lend five thousand pounds! Arrah, look at me, my lord—just take a glance at me, and you'll see how likily it is I'd have as many shillings! 'Twas only by rayson of being always about—on the tramp, as they call it—that Mr. Hankes thought I could be of use to your lordship. 'Go over,' says he, 'and just tell him who and what you are.' There it is now."

Lord Glengariff made no reply, but slowly walked the room in deep meditation; a passing feeling of pity for the poor fellow before him had overcome any irritation his own disappointment had occasioned, and for the moment the bent of his mind was compassionate.

"Well, Driscoll," said he at length, "I don't exactly see how you can serve me in this matter."

"Yes, my lord," said Terry, with a pleasant leer of his restless eyes.

"I say I don't perceive that you can contribute in any way to the object I have in view," said his lordship, half peevish at being, as he thought, misapprehended. "Hankes ought to have known as much himself."

"Yes, my lord," chimed in Terry.

"And you may tell him so from me. He is totally unfitted for his situation, and I am only surprised that Dunn, shrewd fellow that he is, should have ever placed a man of this stamp in a position of such trust. The first requisite in such a man is to understand the deference he owes to us."

There was an emphasis on the last monosyllable that pretty clearly announced how little share Terry Driscoll enjoyed in this co-partnership.

"That because I have a momentary occasion for a small sum of ready money, he should send over to confer with me a half-witted—mean a man only half recovered from a fever—a poor fellow still suffering from—"

"Yes, my lord," interposed Terry, as he laid his hand on his forehead in token of the seat of his calamity.

"It is too gross—it is outrageous—but Dunn shall hear of it—Dunn shall deal with this fellow when he comes back. I'm sorry for you, Driscoll—very sorry indeed; it is a sad bereavement, and though you are not exactly a case for an asylum—perhaps, indeed, you might have objections to an asylum—"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, in that case, private friends are, I opine—private friends—and the kind sympathies of those who have known you—eh, don't you think so?"

"Yes, my lord."

"That is the sensible view to take of it. I am glad you see it in this way. It shows that you really exercise a correct judgment—a very wise discretion in your case—and for a man in your situation—your painful situation—you see things in their true light."

"Yes, my lord." And this time the eyes rolled with a most peculiar expression.

"If you should relapse, however—if, say, former symptoms were to threaten again—remember that I am on the committee, or a governor, or something or other of one of these institutions, and I might be of use to you. Remember that, Driscoll." And with a wave of his hand his lordship dismissed Terry, who, after a series of respectful obeisances, gained the door and disappeared.

CHAPTER VI.—SYBELLA KELLETT.

WHEN change of fortune had reduced the Kelletts so low that Sybella was driven to become a daily governess, her hard fate had exacted from her about the very heaviest of all sacrifices. It was not, indeed, the life of unceasing toil—dreary and monotonous as such toil is—it was not the humility of a station for which the world affords not one solitary protection—these were not what she dreaded; as little was it the jarring sense of dependence daily and hourly imposed. No, she had courage and a high determination to confront each and all of these. The great source of her suffering was in the loss of that calm and unbroken quiet to which the retired habits of a remote country-house had so long accustomed her. With scarcely anything which could be called a society near them, so reduced in means as to be unable to receive visitors at home, Kellett's Court had been for many years a lonely house. The days succeeded each other with such similarity that time was unfelt, seasons came and went, and years rolled on unconsciously. No sights nor sounds of the great world without invaded these retired precincts. Of the mighty events which convulsed the politics of States—of the great issues that engaged men's minds throughout Europe—they heard absolutely nothing. The passing story of some little incident of cottier life represented to them all that they had of news; and thus time glided noiselessly along, till they came to feel a sense of happiness in that same unbroken round of life.

They who have experienced the measured tread of a conventional existence—where the same incidents daily recur at the same periods—where no events from without obtrude—where the passions and the ambitions and cares of mankind have so little of reality to the mind that they fail to impress with any meaning—are well aware that in the peaceful calm of spirit thus acquired there is a sense of happiness, which is not the less real that it wears the semblance of seriousness, almost of sadness.

In all that pertained to a sombre monotony, Kellett's Court was a convent. The tall mountains to the back, the deep woods to the front, seemed barriers against the world without; and there was a silence and a stillness about the spot as though it were some lone island in a vast sea, where no voyagers ever touched, no traveller ever landed. This same isolation, strong in its own sense of security, was the charm of the place, investing it with a kind of romance, and imparting to Sybella's own life a something of storied interest. The very few books the house contained she had read and re-read till she knew them almost by heart. They were lives of voyagers—hardy men of enterprise and daring, who had pushed their fortunes in far-away lands—or else sketches of life and adventure in distant countries.

The annals of these sea-rovers were full of all the fascination of which gorgeous scenery and stirring incident form the charm. There were lands such as no painter's genius ever fancied, verdure and flowers of more than fairy brilliancy, gold and gems of splendor that rivalled Aladdin's cave, strange customs and curious observances mingled with deeds of wildest daring, making up a succession of pictures wherein the mind alternated between the voluptuous repose of tropical enjoyment and the hairbreadth 'scapes of buccaneering existence. The great men whose genius planned, and whose courage achieved, these enterprises, formed for her a sort of hero worship. Their rough virtues, their splendid hospitality, their lion-hearted defiance of danger, were strong appeals to her sympathy, while in their devoted loyalty she found a species of chivalry that elevated them in her esteem. Woman-like, too, she inclined to make success the true test of greatness, and glorified to herself those bold spirits who never halted nor turned aside when on their road to victory. The splendid self-dependence of such men as Drake and Dampier struck her as the noblest attribute of mankind; that resolute trust in their own stout hearts imparted to them a degree of interest almost devotional; and over and over did she bethink her what a glorious destiny it would have been to have had a life associated and bound up with some such man as one of these. The very contest and controversy his actions would have evoked, heightened the illusion, and there savored of heroism in sharing a fame that flung down its proud defiance to the world.

Strangeness from the world often imports to the stories of the past, or even to the characters of fiction, a degree of interest which, by those engaged in the actual work of life, is only accorded to their friends or relatives; and thus, to this young girl in her isolation, such names as Raleigh and Cavendish—such characters as Cromwell, Lorenzo de Medici, and Napoleon—stood forth before her in all the attributes of well-known individuals. To have so far soared above the ordinary accidents of life as to live in an atmosphere above all other men—to have seen the world and its ways from an eminence that gave wider scope to vision and more play to speculation—to have meditated over the destinies of mankind from the height of a station that gave control over their actions—seemed so glorious a privilege, that the blemishes and even the crimes of men so gifted were merged in the greatness of the mighty task they had imposed upon themselves; and thus was it that she claimed for these an exemption from the judgments that had visited less distinguished wrong-doers most heavily. "How can I, or such as I am, pronounce upon one like this man?—what knowledge have I of the conflict waged within his deep intelligence?—how can I fathom the ocean of his thoughts, or even guess at the difficulties that have opposed, the doubts that have beset him? I can but vaguely fashion to myself the end and object of his journey; how then shall I criticise the road by which he travels, the halts he makes, the devious turnings and windings he seems to fall into?" In such plausibilities she merged every scruple as to those she had deified to her own mind. "Their ways are not our ways," said she; "their natures are as little our natures."

From all the dream-land of these speculations was she suddenly and rudely brought to face the battle of life itself, an humble soldier in the ranks. No longer to dwell in secret converse with the mighty spirits who had swayed their fellow-men, she was now to enter upon that path of daily drudgery whose direst infliction was the contact with that work-o'-day world wherewith she had few sympathies.

Mrs. Hawkshaw had read her advertisement in a morning paper, and sent for her to call upon her. Now Mrs. Hawkshaw was an alderman's lady, who lived in a fine house, and had fine clothes, and fine servants, and fine plate, and everything, in short, fine about her

but a fine husband, for he was a rough, homespun, good-natured sort of a man, who cared little for anything save a stocking-factory he owned at Balbriggan, and the stormy incidents that usually shook the "livery" he belonged to.

There were six little Hawkshaws to be governed, and geographically, and catechised, and civilised in all the various forms by which untaught humanity is prepared for the future work of life; there were rudiments of variously-coloured knowledge to be imparted, habits instilled, and tempers controlled, by one who, though she brought to her task the most sincere desire to succeed, was yet deep in a world of her own thoughts, far lost in the mazy intricacies of her own fancies. That poor Miss Kellett, therefore, should pass for a very simple-minded, good creature, quite unfit for her occupation, was natural enough; and that Mrs. Hawkshaw should "take her into training" was almost an equally natural consequence.

"She seems to be always like one in a dream, my dear," said Mrs. Hawkshaw to her husband. "The children do exactly as they please; they play all false, and she never corrects them; they draw landscapes in their copybooks, and she says, 'Very nicely done, darlings.'

"Her misfortunes are preying upon her, perhaps."

"Misfortunes! why they have been in poverty this many a year. My brother Terry tells me that the Kelletts hadn't above two hundred a year, and that latterly they lost even this."

"Well, it is a come-down in the world, anyhow," said Hawkshaw, sighing, "and I must say she bears it well."

"If she only feels it as little as she appears to do everything else, the sacrifice doesn't cost her much," said the lady tartly. "I told her she was to come here last Sunday, and take charge of the children; she never came; and when I questioned her as to the reason, she only smiled and said, 'She never thought of it; in fact, she was too happy to be alone on that day to think of anything.' And here she comes now, nearly an hour late." And, as she spoke, a weary step ascended the steps to the door, and an uncertain, faltering hand raised the knocker.

"It is nigh eleven o'clock, Miss Kellett," said Mrs. Hawkshaw, as she met her on the stairs.

"Indeed—I am so sorry—I must have forgotten—I don't think I knew the hour," said the other stammeringly.

"Your hour is ten, Miss Kellett."

"I think so."

"How is your father, Miss Kellett?" asked the alderman, abruptly, and not sorry to interpose at the juncture.

"He is well, sir, and seems very happy," said she gratefully, while her eyes lighted up with pleasure.

"Give him my regards," said Hawkshaw, good-naturedly, and passed down the stairs, while his wife coldly added,

"The children are waiting for you," and disappeared.

With what determined energy did she address herself now to her task—how resolutely devote her whole mind to her duty. She read, and heard, and corrected, and amended with all the intense anxiety of one eager to discharge her trust honestly and well. She did her very utmost to bring her faculties to bear upon every detail of her task, and it was only when one of the girls asked who was he whose name she had been writing over and over again in her copybook, that she forgot her self-imposed restraint, and in a fervor of delight at the question, replied, "I'll tell you, Mary, who Savonarola was."

In all the vigor of true narrative power, the especial gift of those minds where the play of fancy is the only adornment of the reasoning faculty, she gave a rapid sketch of the prophet priest, his zeal, his courage, and his martyrdom; with that captivating fascination which is the first-born of true enthusiasm, she awakened their interest so deeply, that they listened to all she said as to a romance, whose hero had won their sympathies, and even dimly followed her, as she told them that such men as this stood out from time to time in the world's history like great beacons blazing on a rocky eminence, to guide and warn their fellow-men. That, in their own age, characters of this stamp were either undervalued or actually depreciated and condemned, was but the common lot of humanity; their own great destinies raised them very often above the sympathies of ordinary life, and men caught eagerly at the blemishes of those so vastly greater than themselves—hence all the dis-esteem they met with from contemporaries.

"And are there none like this now, Miss Bella?" asked one of the girls; "or is it that in our country such are not to be met with."

"They are of every land, and of every age, aye, and of every station! Country, time, birth, have no prerogative. At one moment the great light of the earth has been the noblest born in his nation, at another, a peasant—miles apart in all the accidents of fortune, brothers by the stamp which makes genius a tie of family. Tomorrow you shall hear of one, the noblest-hearted man of all England, and yet whose daily toil was the vulgar life of an excise-man. This great man's nature is known to us, teaching men a higher lesson than all his genius has bequeathed us."

In the willingness with which they listened to her, Bella found fresh support for her enthusiasm. If, therefore, there was this solace to the irksome nature of her task, it rendered that task itself more and more wearisome and disagreeable. Her round of duty led her amongst many who did not care for these things; some heard them with apathy, others with even mockery. How often does it happen in life that feelings, which if freely expanded, had spread themselves broadly over the objects of the world, become by repression compressed into principles!

This was the ease with her; the more resolutely was she bent on carrying out her notions. All her reading tended to this direction, all her speculation, all her thought.

"There must be men amongst us even now," said she, "to whom this great prerogative of guidance is given; superior minds who feel the greatness of their mission, and perhaps know how necessary it is to veil their very ascendancy, that they may exercise it more safely and more widely. What concession may they not be making to vulgar prejudice? what submission to this or that ordinance of society? how many a devious path must they tread to reach that goal that the world will not let them strive for more directly? and, worse than all, through what a sea of misrepresentation, and even calumny, must they wade? how must they endure the odious imputations of selfishness, of pride, of hard-heartedness, nay, perhaps, of even crime?—and all this, without the recognition of as much as one who knows their purpose and acknowledges their desert."

CHAPTER VII.—AN ARRIVAL AT MIDNIGHT.

with centuries of transmission; and, lastly, there were the English, already presented to our reader in an early chapter—Lady Lackington and her friend Lady Grace—having, in a caprice of a moment, descended to see “what the whole thing was like.”

“No presentations, my lord, none whatever,” said Lady Lackington, as she arranged the folds of her dress, on assuming a very distinguished position in the room. “We have only come for a few minutes, and don’t mean to make acquaintances.”

“Who is the little pale woman, with the turquoise ornaments?” asked Lady Grace.

“The Princess Labanoff,” said his lordship, blandly bowing.

“Not she who was suspected of having poisoned—”

“The same.”

“I should like to know her. And the man—who is that tall, dark man, with the high forehead?”

“Glumthal, the great Frankfort millionaire.”

“Oh, present him, by all means. Let us have him here,” said Lady Lackington, eagerly. “What does the little man mean by smirking in that fashion—who is he?” asked she, as Mr. O’Riley passed and repassed before her, making some horrible grimaces that he intended to have represented as fascinations. “On no account, my lord,” said Lady Lackington, as though replying to a look of entreaty from his lordship.

“But you’d really be amused,” said he, smiling. “It is about the best bit of low comedy—”

“I detect low comedy.”

“The father of your fair friends, is it not?” asked Lady Grace, languidly.

“Yes. Twining admires them vastly,” said his lordship, half maliciously. If I might venture—”

“Oh, dear, no; not to me,” said Lady Grace, shuddering. “I have little tolerance for what are called characters. You may present your Hebrew friend, if you like.”

“He’s going to dance with the Princess; and there goes Twining with one of my beauties, I declare,” said Lord Lackington. “I say, Spicer, what is that dark lot, near the door?”

“American trotters, my lord; just come over.”

“You know them, don’t you?”

“I met them yesterday at dinner, and shall be delighted to introduce your lordship. Indeed, they asked me if you were not the Lord that was so intimate with the Prince of Wales.”

“How stupid! They might have known, even without the aid of a Peacock, that I was a schoolboy when the Prince was a grown man. The tall girl is good-looking—what’s her name?”

“She’s the daughter of the Honorable Leonidas Shinbone, that’s all I know—rather a belle at Saratoga, I fancy.”

“Very dreadful!” sighed Lady Grace, fanning herself; “they do make such a mess of what might be very pretty toilette. You couldn’t tell her, perhaps, that her front hair is dressed for the back of the head.”

“No, sir; I never play at cards,” said Lord Lackington, stiffly, as an American gentleman offered him a pack to draw from.

“Only a little bluff or a small party of poker,” said the stranger, “for quarter dollars, or milder if you like it.”

A cold bow of refusal was the reply.

“I told you he was the lord,” said a friend in a drawing accent. “He looks as if he’d ‘mow us all down like grass.’”

Doctor Lanfranchi, the director of the establishment, here interposed, and, by a few words, induced the Americans to retire and leave the others unmolested.

“Thank you, doctor,” said Lady Lackington, in acknowledgment; “your tact is always considerate—always prompt.”

“These things never happen in the season, my lady,” said he, with a very slight foreign accentuation of the words. “It is only at times like this that people—very excellent and amiable people, doubtless—”

“Oh, to be sure they are,” interrupted she, impatiently; “but let us speak of something else. Is that your clairvoyant Princess yonder?”

“Yes, my lady; she has just revealed to us what was doing at the Crimea. She says that two of the English advanced batteries have slackened their fire for want of ammunition, and that a deserter was telling Todleben of the reason at that moment. She is in rapport with her sister, who is now at Sebastopol.”

“And are we to be supposed to credit this?” asked my lord.

“I can only aver that I believe it, my lord,” said Lanfranchi, whose massive head and intensely acute features denoted very little intellectual weakness.

“I wish you’d ask her why are we lingering so long in this dreary place,” sighed Lady Lackington, peevishly.

“She answered that question yesterday, my lady,” replied he, quietly.

“How was that? Who asked her? What did she say?”

“It was the Baron von Glumthal asked; and her answer was, Expecting a disappointment.”

“Very gratifying intelligence, I must say. Did you hear that, my lord?”

“Yes, I heard it, and I have placed it in my mind in the same category as her Crimean news.”

“Can she inform us when we are to get away?” asked her ladyship.

“She mentioned to-morrow evening as the time, my lady,” said the doctor, calmly.

A faint laugh of derisive meaning was Lady Lackington’s only reply; and the doctor gravely remarked, “There is more in these things than we like to credit; perhaps our very sense of inferiority in presence of such prediction is a bar to our belief. We do not willingly lend ourselves to a theory which at once excludes us from the elect of prophecy.”

“Could she tell us who’ll win the Derby?” said Spicer, joining the colloquy. But a glance from her ladyship at once recalled him from the indiscreet familiarity.

“Do you think she could pronounce whose is the arrival that makes such a clatter outside?” said Lord Lackington, as a tremendous chorus of whip-cracking announced the advent of something very important; and the doctor hurried off to receive the visitor. Already a large travelling carriage, drawn by eight horses, and followed by a “fourgon” with four, had drawn up before the great entrance, and a courier, gold-banded and whiskered, and carrying a most impressively swollen money-bag, was ringing stoutly for admittance. When Doctor Lanfranchi had exchanged a few words with the courier, he approached the window of the carriage, and bowing courteously, proceeded to welcome the traveller.

“Your apartments have been ready since the sixteenth, sir; and we hoped each day to have seen you arrive.”

“Have your visitors all gone?” asked the stranger, in a low, quiet tone.

“No, sir; the fine weather has induced many to prolong their stay. We have the Princess Labanoff, Lord Lackington, the Countess Grembinski, the Duke of Terra di Monte, the Lady Grace—”

The traveller, however, paid little attention to the catalogue, but with the aid of the courier on one side, and his valet on the other, slowly descended from the carriage. If he availed himself of their assistance, there was little in his appearance that seemed to warrant its necessity. He was a large, powerfully-built man, something beyond the prime of life, but whose build announced considerable vigor. Slightly stooped in the shoulders, the defect seemed to add to the fixity of his look, for the head was thus thrown more forward, and the expression of the deep-set eyes, overshadowed by shaggy gray eyebrows, rendered more piercing and direct. His features were massive and regular—their character that of solemnity and gravity; and as he removed his cap, he displayed a high, bold forehead, with what phrenologists would have called an extravagant development of the organs of locality. Indeed, these overhanging masses almost imparted an air of retreating to a head that was singularly straight.

“A number of letters have arrived for you, and you will find them in your room, sir,” continued Lanfranchi, as he escorted him towards the stairs. A quiet bow acknowledged this speech, and the doctor went on: “I was charged with a message from Lord Lackington, too, who desired me to say, ‘That he hoped to see you as soon as possible after your arrival.’ May I inform him when you could receive him?”

“Not to-night; some time to-morrow about twelve o’clock, or half-past, if that will suit him,” said the stranger, coldly. “Is Baron Glumthal here? Well, tell him to come up to me, and let them send me some tea.”

“May I mention your arrival to his lordship, for I know his great anxiety?”

“Just as you please,” said the other, in the same quiet tone; while he bowed in a fashion to dismiss his visitor.

Having glanced casually at the addresses of a number of letters, he only opened one or two, and looked cursorily over their contents, and then opening a window which looked over the lake, he placed a chair on the balcony and sat down, as if to rest and reflect in the fresh and still night air. It was a calm and quiet atmosphere—not a leaf stirred, not a ripple moved the glassy surface of the lake—so that as he sat he could overhear Doctor Lanfranchi’s voice beneath announcing his arrival to Lord Lackington.

“If he can receive Glumthal, why can’t he see me?” asked the visitor, testily. “You must go back and tell him that I desire particularly to meet him this evening.”

“If you wish, my lord—”

“I do, sir,” repeated he, more peremptorily. “Lady Lackington and myself have been sojourning here the last three weeks awaiting this arrival, and I am at a loss to see why our patience is to be pushed further. Pray take him my message, therefore.”

The doctor, without speaking, left the room at once.

Lanfranchi was some minutes in the apartment before he discovered where the stranger was sitting, and then approaching him softly, he communicated his lordship’s request.

“I am afraid you must allow me to take my own way. I have contracted an unfortunate habit in that respect,” said the stranger, with a quiet smile. “Give my compliments to his lordship, and say, that at twelve to-morrow I am at his orders; and tell Baron Glumthal that I expect him now.”

Lanfranchi withdrew; and having whispered the message to the baron, proceeded to make his communication to the viscount.

“Very well, sir,” said Lord Lackington, haughtily interrupting; “something like an apology. Men of this sort have a business-like standard even for their politeness, and there is no necessity for me to teach them something better;” and then, turning to Twining, he added, “That was Dunn’s arrival we heard a while ago.”

“Oh, indeed! Very glad—quite rejoiced on your account more than my own. Dunn—Dunn; remarkable man—very,” said Twining, hurriedly.

“Thank Heaven! we may be able to get away from this place tomorrow or next day,” said Lord Lackington, sighing drearily.

“Yes, of course; very slow for your lordship—no society—nothing to do.”

“And the weather beginning to break?” said Lord Lackington, peevishly.

“Just so, as your lordship most justly observes—the weather beginning to break.”

“Look at that troop of horses,” said the viscount, as the postillions passed beneath the window in a long file with the cattle just released from the travelling carriages. “There goes ten—no, but twelve posters. He travels right royally—doesn’t he?”

“Very handsomely, indeed; quite a pleasure to see it,” said Twining, gleefully.

“These fellows have little tact, with all their worldly shrewdness, or they’d not make such ostentatious display of their wealth.”

“Quite true, my lord. It is indiscreet of them.”

“It is a like saying, ‘This is our day!’” said the viscount.

“So it is, my lord; and a very pleasant day they have of it, I must say; clever men—shrewd men—know the world thoroughly.”

“I’m not so very sure of that, Twining,” said his lordship, smiling half superciliously. “If they really had all the worldly knowledge you attribute to them, they’d scarcely venture to shock the feelings of society by assumptions of this sort. They would have more patience, Twining—more patience.”

“So they would, my lord. Capital thing—excellent thing, patience; always rewarded in the end—great fun.” And he rubbed his hands and laughed away pleasantly.

“And they’ll defeat themselves, that’s what will come of it, sir,” said Lord Lackington, not heeding the other’s remark.

“I quite agree with your lordship,” chimed in Twining.

“And shall I tell you why they’ll defeat themselves, sir?”

“Like it of all things; take it as a great favor on your lordship’s part.”

“For this reason, Twining, that they have no ‘prestige’—no, Twining, they have no prestige. Now, sir, wealth unassociated with prestige is just like—what shall I say—it is, as it were, a sort of local rank—a kind of thing like being brigadier in the Bombay army, but only a lieutenant when you’re at home; so long, therefore, as these fellows are rich they have their influence. Let them suffer a reverse of fortune, however, and where will they be, sir?”

“Can’t possibly say; but quite certain your lordship knows—perfectly sure of it,” rattled out Twining.

“I do, sir. It is a subject on which I have bestowed considerable thought. I may go farther and say, one which I have reduced to a sort of theory. These men are signs of the times—emblems of our era; just like the cholera, the electric telegraph, or the gold fields of Australia. We must not accept them as normal, do you perceive; they are the abnormal incidents of our age.”

“Quite true; most just; very like the electric telegraph!” muttered Twining.

“And by that very condition, only exercising a passing influence in our society, sir,” said his lordship, pursuing his own train of thought.

“Perfectly correct; rapid as lightning.”

“And when they do pass away, sir,” continued the viscount, “they leave no trace of their existence behind them. The bubble burst, the surface of the stream remains without a ripple. I myself may live to see—you in all probability will live to see.”

“Your lordship far more likely—sincerely trust as much,” said Twining, bowing.

“Well, sir, it matters little which of us is to witness the extinction of this Plutocracy.” And as his lordship enunciated this last word, he walked off like one who had totally exhausted his subject.

LITERATURE.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. Household Edition. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, 1857.

The two volumes before us contain the celebrated novels, “The Black Dwarf” and “A Legend of Montrose.” These are two charming stories. The character of the Dwarf is at once wild, weird, and human, and the interest surrounding him is sustained with masterly skill. Young Karneship is a bold, free and noble Scot, and Isabella, a pure, true, and refined Scotswoman. The superstitions of the age, and the lawless and reckless manners of the period are dwelt with a vivid faithfulness, which makes the work—“The Black Dwarf”—a living record of the times. Who does not remember Dalgety—“Dugald Dalgety—Rittmaster, Dugald Dalgety, of Drumthwaite, at your honorable service to command?” He is known to everybody; he is the great type of a class which is by no means extinct. Scott has stamped the character in his legend with such force and minuteness that it has become an imperishable portrait. Nothing new can be said of these works, and we need only record our delight at perusing them again, and bearing testimony to the elegant and convenient form in which they are brought before the public by Ticknor & Fields, and to the excellence of the paper, printing and engraving. It is an edition well worth collecting and preserving.

(To be continued.)

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

LAST week an industrious German gunmaker, named Webber, who had travelled on foot from Rhode Island, and was proceeding to Wilmington, N. C., had gone on about six miles from town on the Oceanus road, when on going to a spring for a drink, was attacked by a large bull-dog and several smaller ones. He defended himself as well as he could, but his stick broke, and he was almost torn to pieces. The owner of the dog, according to his statement, would render him no assistance, merely saying that “it was well the dogs did not tear him up,” and a man passing in a wagon refused to bring him to town.

The number of warrants issued from the Pension Office during July, under the Bounty Land Act of March, 1855, is 2,185, to satisfy which nearly 222,000 acres are necessary. To satisfy the 201,000 warrants issued since the passage of the act, 26,250,000 acres of land are required.

The Lancaster (England) Chronicle mentions that one Ann Edmonson was put on trial for the murder of her infant child, and on being put upon her plea to the indictment, sobbed out the word “guilty” so indistinctly that the judge took it for “not guilty.” She was of course put upon trial, and was acquitted by the jury, although she was a self-confessed murderer. It was a lucky escape, but such misakes don’t often occur.

An infant son of Dr. F. C. Bailey, of Rockville, during the Dr.’s absence from home, a few days since, crept into a room where morphine had been split and carelessly left on the carpet, and ate enough of the powder to produce death, in spite of an emetic which the mother gave him. The emetic took effect, and the child seemed well, but on going to sleep, he passed from life to death within a few hours.

Pearls have been found in fresh water clams at Haddam.

E. Merriam, of Brooklyn Heights, says that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched freely with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration, than add salt, and continue the drenching for another hour.

The editor of the Danbury Times has been presented with fifteen large, well-filled heads of rye, containing 973 kernels, all produced from one seed. This is increasing nearly a thousand fold.

A party of four Oswego gentlemen secured in three days’ fishing in the brooks of Redfield, Northern New York, one hundred and fifty pounds of dressed trout. With another party, in one day, they took about eighteen hundred trout, many of them of large size.

Pearls have been found in the Quinnipiac river, near Meriden.

A boy was killed and partly eaten by a bear, on the 21st inst., on the Hamtramck marshes, near Detroit, Mich. A man named Joseph Rademaker, while picking raspberries, found the bear, eating the dinner from his basket, and was so frightened that he ran right by the boy without informing him of the presence of the dangerous beast.

On the arrival of a Michigan Central Railroad train at Chicago lately, a basket, which had been placed upon a seat at Jackson, was found to contain a fine, healthy male infant about a week old. Two or three changes of very costly embroidered clothes were in the basket, and there was every evidence that its inhuman parents were wealthy. A kind-hearted lady took charge of it.



CHINESE EATING.

A TRIP FROM PARIS TO CHINA.

(By our own Correspondent.)

The beautiful harbor of Hong Kong was swarming with all sorts and varieties of vessels, the next morning, when we all sallied forth, determined to make ourselves acquainted with the localities and geography of this world-renowned city. Curious little fishing junks were darting from place to place, with almost incredible speed, and the waters were dotted with the plebeian-looking boats commonly called *sampans*. Mrs. Mallison was much amused by the expert and practised manner in which these sampans were managed by the fairer sex—indeed, most of them were entirely under the control of women, who stood or sat around on their miniature decks with the greatest ease and self-possession in the world.

These Chinese damsels, who enact the part of sailors so coolly, are rather pretty and interesting than otherwise; they wear blue mantles, and wide trousers to match, and either large straw hats or colored handkerchiefs bound in light and graceful folds around their heads.

Kate and Clara proved very useful auxiliaries to us, in our rambles through the streets, in aiding us to appreciate and understand all the minor details which a woman's quick eye never fails to notice, particularly in the manners and costumes of the Celestial ladies. Blue seemed to be the fashionable color which they most affected in their dress; to be sure we would occasionally see pink, white, or purple, but blue was decidedly in the ascendant, gaily embroidered and decorated in gold. The long robes which most of them wore just displayed an elegant skirt, below which it drooped over the poor little prisoned feet, cased in gilded shoes. Walking was by no means a rapid or graceful

affair; but from the number of splendidly dressed ladies blazing in silks and satins that we met, I concluded that the Oriental daughters of Eve liked to see and be seen, as well as their sisters in New York or London, and were willing to endure a little inconvenience for the sake of being in the extreme of the fashion. (Don't be offended at this comparison, ladies, for the Chinese belles are some of them really very handsome, in spite of their swarthy complexions and almond-shaped eyes!) They all regarded us with much curiosity, and the exquisitely fair skin of my female companions elicited many whispered comments and remarks.

I had an opportunity, while Kate was making a purchase at one of the numerous little fancy stores, of dash-ing off a hurried sketch of a characteristic group opposite, which I could just discern through a half-open door, which may give your lady readers some idea of a Chinese "fashionable" in full dress, with her fair hostess. It will be perceived that she is very liberally sprinkled with jewelry—rings, bracelets and ear-ornaments being a prominent part of their costume. The one in the foreground wears a heavy blue silk, of extraordinary beauty and lustre, with black trousers and a plaid silk handkerchief upon the head, and her companion has a sim-

ilar institution of street barbers. People sit calmly down to be "cut and shaved" in the open street with as much nonchalance as if they were in a fashionable saloon, and a barber with his small stock in trade occupies every available nook and corner.

When a "Coolie" comes past, and signifies his desire to have his pigtail attended to, it is really amusing to see the alacrity with which the barber falls to work. One little assembly which we passed edified us particularly on account of the busy industry of the Chinese Phalons, and the indescribable air of contentment with which the Coolies submitted their shocks of coarse wiry hair to the professional hands. The customer was sitting on a little chest of drawers which contained soaps, perfumes, razors, &c.—the worldly wealth of our barber—with his wide straw hat and bamboo cane at his feet. A luxuriant banyan tree, at no great distance, afforded some little protection from the direct rays of the burning sun.

The street doctors formed another important element of life in Hong Kong. Posted behind unpretending stalls, which were covered with books on the science, they held forth to the bystanders, and launched many astounding medical truths at the stolid heads of the gaping crowd. We were told that surgical operations were also frequently performed in the open thoroughfare, and that the medical knowledge of the Chinese, regarded as a nation, was unusually advanced.

I must not forget to mention the fortune-tellers, who were thick as hops, and amused us very much with their strange gestures and clamorous importuning. There was generally quite a little crowd gathered around the stalls of these itinerants, to inspect the hieroglyphic inscriptions, which purported to be nativities and fate-readers. At one of these places a poor man might have his horoscope drawn for a sum about equivalent to an English farthing, and numbers of credulous Coolies and unlettered artisans laid down their little coins, and listened in open-mouthed astonishment to the solemn predictions of the soothsayer, in which they reposed the most implicit and unwavering faith!

Through the windows we could just catch a glimpse of busy little tailors bending industriously over their work, never taking a solitary moment for relaxation, except when their unpretending dinner, generally consisting of rice, is served up. This is the signal for a short reprieve, long enough to enjoy the repast, and to smoke when it is concluded, and then they go to work again. Just so with other artisans; they are as industrious and busy as so many bees, and seem to put their whole hearts into their labors.

The fancy stores were supplied with every imaginable trinket. To us, who had been accustomed to see Chinese ornaments few and far between, and at appalling prices, their abundance was absolutely surprising. Delicate bracelets, carved in fragrant san



CHINESE GIRLS.

ple white tunic and hair arranged à la Eugenie, though it is more than doubtful whether she ever heard of that important personage.

The streets of Hong Kong were full of novelties; and if, at an early stage of our adventures, we had not come to the conclusion to adopt the time-honored motto, "*nil admirari*," we should have been nearly distracted by the various sights and sounds which met us at every turning. But the one which seemed most unusual to our foreign eyes

dal-wood, fantastic chessmen in ivory and gilded wood, fans whose minute tracerу you could scarcely distinguish, exquisite vases and work-boxes, and gorgeous screens meet your eye at every turning.

Towards evening, as we were retracing our footsteps in a home direction, very much fatigued and still well pleased with our day's observations, our ears were feasted with the monotonous and yet harmonious music played at the Chinese concerts. It bears a close similarity to the bagpipe melodies of the old Scottish minstrels, and would probably be mistaken for the Highland instrument, if we had not been pretty well "posted up" beforehand by the lively and animated description of a friend.

The sky was of a brilliant orange when we reached our hotel, and the distant mountains were wrapped in a sort of purple mist, probably an illusive effect of the singularly transparent atmosphere of this climate. The harbor, as we beheld it from our windows, was as lively as ever—people here seem to live on the water; you can behold all ages, sexes and sizes on board the junks and sampans, and the child of three years old appears as ambitious of attaining nautical renown as its grandfather. There was not the



CHINESE BARBERS.



STOOP FLIRTATIONS ON AN AUGUST EVENING.

least appearance of preparation for the morrow, although it was Sunday; but the Chinese have no more reverence for that day than for any other in the week; all days are alike to them in that respect, unless some great religious festival is held, and then they travel miles to worship their "unknown God!"

Our quarters were extremely cool and pleasant, being fitted up in the regular Chinese style, with matting on all the floors, and light bamboo furniture. The chairs here are a decided improvement on the accommodations on the other side of the water. Think of a chair which allows you either to sit bolt upright in state, to recline easily, or to lounge at full length and smoke a cigar! Verily, our Celestial brethren understand what it is to be comfortable!

In the evening, as we sat on a broad veranda smoking and enjoying the cool air, we had an excellent opportunity of remarking the singular Chinese physiognomy, as the streets were filled with busy passers. Gambling-houses, cafés, and such places of entertainment are much frequented by the middle and lower classes of Hong-Kong. They have many games which are played with Chinese cards, dice and dominoes, and the popular taste for these demoralizing games of chance is astonishing. Everything is hazarded, even to the evening's meal, and the clothes on their backs.

The scene was agreeably diversified by the deafening shouts of the vendors of different wares who went bawling through the streets, evidently determined not to cease hawking their petty wares until there was not a soul stirring to buy them, and by the ceaseless importunities of a host of clamorous mendicants who, if you might give evidence to any of their pitiful tales, were the most deserving and unfortunate of human beings.

Hong-Kong, when lighted up at night, has a very cheerful and animated appearance. You then lose the impression produced by the low and dwarfish houses, and as the great heat of the day has subsided into a delicious freshness and calm, you are far more at liberty to enjoy a meerschaum and a seat in the open air. The only enemies to our felicity and peace of mind were the mosquitoes, but by dint of enveloping ourselves in a dense atmosphere of smoke, we contrived to keep them pretty well at bay.

AN AUGUST DAY IN NEW YORK.

SHADRACH, Meshach and Abednego, and the fiery furnace seven times heated! St. Lawrence and his gridiron! Tophet and the Torrid zone! It's hot enough to blister a salamander!

If the reader object to this explosive and ejaculatory manner of commencing an article, I can't help it. The weather—my subject—might justify anybody—not to particularize school-teachers and *Tribune* editors—in repudiating the graver responsibilities of English composition. Who's going to trouble himself to elaborate lengthy and carefully-constructed sentences, when the thermometer's at I-don't-know-what-all in the shade? One's style, like one's respiration, becomes spasmodic. Probably I may melt into glowing periods as I proceed; at present I shall be as interjectional as I please. I once read of an individual who didn't pretend to be good-tempered before he'd had his breakfast. Well, I don't pretend to write prettily on a hot day.

Pitiless sun glare on housetops and baking sidewalks, on palatial fronts of brown stone, dazzling white marble, or humbler and hotter-looking red brick! Sunlight on dusty avenues, in shady, up-town streets, and out on the broad, bright river! Sunlight in foul and noisome quarters of our magnificently-misruled city—on squalid, rickety, tumble-down, rat-haunted—Hullo! this won't do at all! I find I'm involuntarily plagiarizing the opening chapter of Dickens' "Little Dorrit." Let me "try back" a little, as faulty singers do when they break down in vocalization.

I have said—and I repeat the assertion—that it is, emphatically, a hot day. It commenced hotly, grew hotter as it progressed, and is, unmistakably, determined on making a hot night of it. When I got up in the morning—my sleep had been unrefreshing, and I had dreamt, first, that I was a hippopotamus with an unusually thick hide, being baked alive in a brick-kiln, and then that I was swimming for my life amid seas of feather-beds—a conviction of forthcoming sultriness seized upon me. So I stole down stairs with the intention of having a shower-bath. You must know that I live in a boarding-house, and notwithstanding the obloquy heaped upon those institutions, in that atrocious "Physiology" of Mr. Thomas Butler

Gunn (who, I am glad to observe, has met with his deserts at the hands of a landlady, in the *New York Express*), am pretty comfortable. Well, what did I discover? Four of my fellow-boarders sitting on the staircase, towels on arm, hating each other for being there, and especially hating a fifth, then in possession. It was aggravating to hear the water dashing over the lucky wretch, to be sure!

That's how my day commenced. Now I'm not going to fob off Frank Leslie's readers with a page of diluted dearizing, or to confine myself to personal details. The very idea of confining oneself in any sort of way is, just now, intolerable. So I shall "let out" in any and every direction. Perhaps the easiest way of doing this would be to avail myself of the useful, old-fashioned and monosyllabic "Now." I'll write a "Now" after the manner of Leigh Hunt and the essayists—with such variations and debasements as I shall think proper. Let the reader who is desirous of thoroughly appreciating my article get his head shaved, order a bath to be filled with ice-cream or claret-cobbler, get into it, sit immersed up to his neck, and thus favorably located, peruse my description of an August day in New York.

Now the unmuzzled dog-star reigns and rages, goading his canine compatriots into hydrophobic madness. Now the steel-blue sky-cupola overhead is as one vast cucumber-frame under which mortals smelter and stifle. Now fat men feel as though they had come into a large inheritance of other people's perspiration. Now the thought of

cloth garments is unendurable, and white your only wear. Now perspiring pedestrians begin to credit the existence of the central fire, from the testimony of their broiling shoe-soles. Now a street-crossing in the hot sunlight is an infliction to be carefully looked forward to for the space of half a block. Now passengers in stages are, if possible, more than usually disagreeable and misanthropic, while the driver, perplexed with his multitudinous responsibilities, and rendered savage by the heat, wishes that all mankind were one omnibus horse and he had the lashing of it. Now big blocks of clean ice, carried across the sidewalks from shady carts to restaurants and liquor cellars, are grateful spectacles. Now ladies and loungers temporarily desert the fashionable side of Broadway, and the former bless the Empress Eugenie for the revival of hooped skirts, which enable them to be airy expansive at less cost of endurance than in the days of innumerable petticoats. Now a house undergoing the process of tearing down or building up is a horror, and bricklayers begin to doubt the benevolence of a First Cause, and whether existence isn't a greatly overrated institution. Now the denizens of big hotels, lounging in rows at the green windows, twist themselves into every variety of comfortably-uncomfortable position, and pertinaciously present their boot-soles, at every possible angle, to the inspection of the passers-by. Now one is inclined to regard the appearance of a red-headed man as a personal insult. Now niggers exult and glisten, and pity white folks. Now the thought of dining in a cellar restaurant, by gaslight, is intolerable, and only a fiend in human shape would think of suggesting hot meat. Now ice-creams are in request, and cobblers and cold punches the only things worth living for. Now the brisk waiters at Taylor's, rendered indignant by the unusual demands upon their industry, are more than ordinarily uncivil, and present unpleasantly moist aspects. Now chance whiffs of the atmosphere of chemists' shops are refreshing, and soda water fountains do a brisk business. Now a *Tribune* reporter feels his felt hat to be an aggravation, and considers himself a martyr to *l'esprit du corps*. Now it would not be difficult to find volunteers enough to fit out another Arctic expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and *Tribune* readers think that Bayard Taylor ought to have considered himself in luck during his experiences of the frigid zone. Now Washington and such few leafy green squares

as New York has to boast of, pay for their cost ten times over in returns of pleasurable sensation to our citizens. Now the idler therein thinks a roll upon the grass almost worth the penalty of five dollars. Now Germans congregate in *lager* cellars, and growl guttural condemnation of the ordinance that would "rob a poor man of his beer" on Sundays. Now Britshers who will stick to 'alf and 'alf pay for it both in pence and perspiration. Now crossing the river in ferry-boats is fine. Now it is difficult to avoid believing that the man who drives a water cart must be a lover of his species. Now the baths off the Battery contain more boys than water. Now a hydrant in operation produces a soothing effect upon the mind of the pedestrian. Now vests are repudiated, and umbrellas are a little less detestable than is their inherent nature to be. (I have always exulted in the anticipatory justice by which their introducer, Jonas Hanway, was pelted on his first appearance in public with his obnoxious instrument.) Now theatres are but half filled, and the critic who has to sit out a five act tragedy and subsequently to write a notice of it for a morning paper, imperils his soul by much execration. Now washerwomen comport themselves arrogantly towards bachelors, and don't bring home white pants with any sort of regularity. Now tea is the most refreshing meal in the day. Now down-town clerks in stores and offices don't work particularly hard, and devote their evenings to *stoop* flirtations with lady boarders. Now a fellow who makes puns and expects you to laugh at them, or a politician who wishes to involve you in argument, is to be shunned as a pestilence. Now you can't hear a man talk loud without wishing to throw something at him. Now girls who have nice arms object less to the weather than do spinsters with angular elbows. Now an evening airing in a balloon would be agreeable. Now cooks are fiery-faced, and loom large and hotly in dark back-kitchens. Now engineers in steamboats and stokers on railroads become, physically, almost demonized. Now—the writer, who is invited out to drink, thinks he may as well put an end to this article.

THE MADELEINE SMITH TRAGEDY.

AN article has appeared in the London *Lancet*, that in our estimation entirely exonerates Miss Smith from the murder of



THE STEAMBOAT ENGINEER UNDERGOING MARTYRDOM IN AUGUST.

L'Angelier, the argument is, that boasting much of his personal appearance, he evidently attributed to that the conquests he had made. He had means of obtaining arsenic. In 1852, and on several subsequent occasions, he confessed, without hesitation, to using it. The symptoms of the attacks mentioned on the trial were such as an overdose of the drug, or too long perseverance in its use, would produce. Such an excess is what just such a being would commit who had won by good looks, and desired to win again, his former triumphs being attributable, in part, to the use of arsenic for his complexion. Moreover, he had similarly suffered on several previous occasions before at all knowing the accused. The quantity of arsenic administered certainly amounted to two drachms, and Dr. Christison rates the quantity at one-third higher. Now, it is simply impracticable for any but a most expert chemist to suspend this quantity in a cup of coffee or chocolate, without immediate detection.

On the cessation of stirring, the arsenic rapidly falls to the bottom of the cup. If drunk slowly—a mouthful being taken first, and then swallowed—the drug would similarly have settled in the interstices of the mouth, and there have rapidly produced local irritation, never complained of by the deceased. In fact, the only manner in which the presence of so large a quantity of arsenic found in the deceased can be accounted for, is, by supposing it to have been washed down by copious draughts of fluid, which supplied the large quantity vomited when symptoms of poisoning ensued. This, we need hardly say, is totally incompatible with its covert administration by the prisoner. Moreover, she is not known or suspected to have procured other arsenic than that tinted with indigo or soot; yet neither of these coloring matters were detected on examination after death, though their presence was manifestly apparent in a dog, made the subject of careful experiment. L'Angelier was known to have had just that tendency to suicide which Martial defined to be the suicide of a coward. He had twice previously attempted his life. Who can say what may have been the effect of the defiance which the heartless, moral-less jilt very possibly



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS ENDEAVORING TO KEEP COOL ON AN AUGUST DAY.

hurled at him? For assuredly nothing could have been more disastrous to her than his death and the discovery of her letters. On the whole, the evidence is, that L'Angelier did not take arsenic administered by Miss Smith; what killed him he may have taken to clear his complexion, or in a moment of bitterness and hate, he may have committed suicide for the purpose of raining the lady who discarded his presence.

THE MASSACRE OF THE ENGLISH AT DELHI.

The details of the massacre of the English at Delhi are full of interest. It appears that on the morning of the 11th of May a party of light cavalry, variously stated at from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty, made their appearance at Delhi. They had come over from Meerut during the night, and were evidently prepared to perpetrate the most awful crimes, as they were fully armed and wild with rage and excitement. They entered the Calcutta gate without opposition from the police, and made their way directly towards Deroiwungue, shooting down in their progress all Europeans they met with. Among the first victims were Mr. Simon Fraser, the Governor-General's agent, Captain Douglas, his assistant, and Mr. R. Nixon, chief clerk in their office. Notice was immediately sent to the brigadier, and a regiment (the 54th N. N.), with two guns from De Tessier's battery, was sent down. The 54th marched through the Cashmere gate in good order, but on the approach of some of the Sowars the Sepoys rushed suddenly to the side of the road, leaving their officers in the middle of the road; upon whom the troopers immediately came at a gallop and, one after the other, shot them down. The officers were, with the exception of Col. Ripley, unarmed; the colonel shot two of them before he fell, but with this exception and one said to have been shot by Mr. Fraser, none fell. After butchering all the officers of the 54th, the troopers dismounted and went among the Sepoys of the regiment, shaking hands with them and, it may be supposed, thanking them for their forbearance in not firing on the murderers of their officers. The murderers were perfectly collected; they rode up to their victims at full gallop, pulled up suddenly, fired their pistols, and retreated. Their countenances wore the expression of maniacs; one was a mere youth, rushing about flourishing his sword, and displaying all the fury of a man under the influence of *bhang*. They were in full uniform, and some had medals. Had the officers of the 28th, 54th and 74th Native Infantry been armed with revolvers, they might have shot some of them; but had they done so, it is still a doubtful question whether their own men would not have bayoneted them. The 54th made some show of firing their muskets, but the shots went, of course, over the heads of the troopers, who had evidently full confidence in the reception they were to meet with. Their plans must have been well matured. Meanwhile the people of the city were collecting for mischief; several bungalows at Deroiwungue had been fired, and as the day advanced the gojurs of the villages around Delhi became alive to the chances of booty, and were ready for action. The whole city was up in arms; every European residence was searched, the troopers declaring that they did not want property but life, and when they retired the rabble rushed in and made a clean sweep, from the punkahs to the floor-mats.

It is difficult to form an estimate of the number killed: most of the lists already published are incorrect. Happily several persons said to be killed are still in existence, and some who escaped are not down at all.

As soon as the extent of the outbreak was known it became necessary for the residents to seek some place of safety, and most of them made their way to the Flagstaff Tower, where the gun is fired. A company of the 38th Native Infantry and two guns were stationed here, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, including the brigadier, brigadier-major, &c., were here well armed, with the intention of defending themselves against the troopers. The Tower is round and of solid brick-work, and was well adapted for the purpose—better, in fact, than any other building in Delhi. In selecting this spot the brigadier displayed considerable judgment, but he did not then know the extent of the catastrophe; for, although the general demeanor of the troops was anything but subordinate, the actual state of the case was unknown. Many of the officers of the 38th still had confidence in their men, and endeavored to reason with them when they showed symptoms of insubordination; but on Colonel Graves haranguing the company stationed at the Flagstaff Tower, it became evident that they were in a state of mutiny, and that the slightest thing would induce them to turn against their officers, and the other Europeans assembled on the hill. At a quarter to four o'clock the magazine in the city exploded: a puff of white smoke and the report of a gun preceded the cloud of red dust which rose like a huge coronet into the air; the explosion that followed was not so great as might have been expected, but the effect was complete. It was soon known that the explosion was not accidental, but the gallant act of Lieutenant Willoughby, commissary of ordnance, Delhi, and it is pleasing to be able to add that this brave young man escaped with a severe scorching. About 1,500 persons, rebels, are said to have been blown up with the magazine.

On the appearance of the clouds of dust in the air the company of the 38th made a rush to their arms, which were piled near them. The object they had in view is not clearly defined, but it is supposed that they were influenced by a sudden desire to attack those within the tower. Soon after this the 38th took possession of two guns sent up to reinforce the party at the tower, and on this becoming known the brigadier advised all who could leave to do so, intending to follow when the rest had all departed. Conveyances being in waiting most of the ladies got away, the gentlemen following on horseback; and thus a safe retreat was effected towards Kurnaul for some, while others branched off to Meerut. Many hairbreadth escapes have been related to the writer, ladies remaining eight and ten days in the jungle, trusting to the natives for protection, in several instances freely given, and it is gratifying to know that several persons supposed to have fallen victims are now safe at Meerut, Kurnaul, Umballa or Simla.

Throughout the whole of this cruel business the gojurs appear to have been most active in the work of devastation. Houses were burnt and property stolen and destroyed by them in the most wanton manner. Bands of them were lying in waiting after nightfall all along the line of road twenty miles out of Delhi, on the watch for the refugees, some of whom were molested and would have been robbed, and perhaps murdered, had not decisive measures been adopted. Mr. Wagentreiber (and family), flying for bare life in his own carriage, was attacked five times, his wife receiving some severe blows from iron bound lathes, and himself a sword-cut on the arm and a blow on the back of the neck from a lathe. But they contrived to evade them all by firmness and judgment, shooting four and wounding two of the ruffians in self-defence, and eventually making good their retreat to Kurnaul.

The escape of Sir T. Metcalfe was most providential; he remained three days in Delhi after the outbreak, then escaped into the jungles, hiding wherever he could, and at length, after ten days, found his way to Hanesee.

Several Europeans (numbering forty-eight) were taken to the palace, or perhaps went there for protection—these were taken care of by the King of Delhi; but the Sowars of the

3d Cavalry, whose thirst for European blood had not been quenched, rested not till they were all given up to them, when they murdered them one by one in cool blood.

The troopers are said later in the day to have pointed to their legs before they murdered their victims, and called attention to the marks of their manacles, asking if they were not justified in what they were doing. This may or may not be the case, but it is certain that the severe sentence on the mutineers of the 3d Cavalry was the immediate cause of the Meerut massacre, which preceded that at Delhi by only a few hours. In both stations the people of the city and bazaar appear to have been very active, and to have sided with the mutineers in their bloody work.

THE CAUSE OF THE MUTINY IN INDIA.

It would be as impossible as it is unnecessary for us to give in our columns details of the mutiny of the Sepoys in India. We have already alluded to some of the most important events transpiring, and, in place of more exciting news, give some ideas as to the origin of this uprising on the part of the nations, which may serve as a key to the present alarming state of things. In the first place, the best informed India writers agree that it is certainly not of Hindoo origin, but will, we believe, be traced to the Mahomedan families, who have thought this a favorable opportunity to regain their authority. The cartridge affair was for them merely a lucky accident, as it roused the fanaticism of the Hindoo soldiery, previously discontented and complaining.

It is very gravely argued by English authorities worthy of respect, that it is Russia that has been at the bottom of this conspiracy, for Russia has never been without civil, military, or trading agents in India; and it has ever been the business of these missionaries to say a bad word and to excite a bitter feeling against England, and to exalt to the tenth heavens the personal character of the Czar, and the greatness and power of the Russian arms. There is abundant evidence, both in Fort William and Leadenhall street, of the proceedings of these Muscovites, and we should not be at all surprised if some of the Oude nobles and functionaries and some of the Brahmins were under-agents in the pay of the paramount and superior practitioners, who were immediately instructed by the Russian chancery.

From the period of Prince Menschikoff's visit to Constantinople and the declaration of war against Russia, it is very plain the Czar had a direct interest in creating diversion in India, and if the train so artfully laid in 1854 and 1855 has only exploded in 1857 the fault is not attributable to any want of zeal in the Russian agents. It should also be remembered that one of the minor satellites of Russia has been desperately working against Great Britain in the Mediterranean, the Levant, and throughout the East. The Queen of Greece and her lacqueys, the Greek ministers, may now be all considered as paid agents in the service of Russia; and, by the aid of Armenian and Greek merchants, Russia and Greece have been for a considerable time working all through India, *quasi* commercially, but really politically. There are several Greek houses of business at Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, having commercial relations with Odessa; and the Greeks all over the world, as is known to every man familiar with continental politics, would gladly aid Russia in embarrassing Great Britain, with a view to get a greater share of the Eastern trade. During the past week several of the worst and most fabulous reports concerning India have been propagated by Greek houses of business in the city of London. Coupling this fact with the manner in which the news of the mutiny has been received at Athens and in the Ionian Islands, one may judge of the friendly feeling of the Greco-Russian party towards Great Britain.

Every one is aware of the worse than theologic hatred with which the Romanist and Greek churches regard each other. Yet Romanist and Greek would, on Indian ground, lay aside their respective differences to strike a blow at Protestant England. The College of the Propaganda and the three last Popes, Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., and that exceedingly silly person, Pius IX., have been sending, for the last twenty-five years, legions of Jesuits out to India, who possess colleges and establishments in the presidencies and even up the country. In how far these men may have lent themselves to the enemies of England we have no means of judging now before us; but this we can say with certainty, that the minister of the Pope, the jobbing Cardinal Antonelli, who moves the Pope always, and who moves the Jesuits too, when these latter have a community of object with the cardinal-secretary, would as gladly see a blow struck at the supremacy of England as her bitterest enemy. The minor despots of Italy—Ferdinand of Naples, Francis of Modena, and Leopold of Tuscany—would all rejoice in any disaster that might happen to her in India; nor is there a friend to despotism, darkness or bigotry anywhere who would not join hands with the Russian, the Greek and the Pope of Rome. The legitimist and priest party in France, as represented by *L'Univers* and *La Gazette*, by M. Louis Veuillot, M. Jules Gandon, M. De Lourdeix, and M. De Beauregard, would all rejoice in her calamities; and if the *Assemblée Nationale* were not under a penal interdict, the vapid and voluminous Capefigue would discharge the venom of the fusionists against her supremacy in Hindostan, in French worthy, not of Peris, but of "Stratford-atte-Bowe."

But, notwithstanding the machinations of the Russo-Grecian party, the malevolence of the French Carlists, and the ill-will of the fusionists, we repeat our firm conviction that the Indian mutiny will be speedily put down. The quick suppression of this widespread confederation will produce a more complete subjection of the native races, and will, if proper measures are pursued, more firmly consolidate British power. There is no instance in Indian history of any mutiny having produced a great or even a considerable leader. The native sepoy is generally distinguished by a natural indolence, by a want of mental and physical energy, and by a complete indifference to political freedom. Even under the eye and tutelage of Europeans he never can advance beyond a certain pitch, and he is totally unfit to command or to organize. In the political and the religious system of India the Hindoo has always had a master—indeed two masters—for he is the slave of a conqueror and of a system purely theoretic. To his conqueror and to his priest he unreservedly submits himself—he surrenders willingly his own faculties, and deems it to be his only duty to hear and to obey. The object of the priesthood hitherto in India has been to keep the natives stationary, and in this they have been successful. A race too indolent to reflect, and disliking the trouble, even though capable of the process of reasoning, is not likely to be awakened at once to that full use of the faculties necessary to concert, to combine and to confederate in conspiracy. Without governance, guidance and leadership from without, the sepoy is nothing, and leadership in this sense he has none to boast at Delhi. Of the potency of country, of progress, of independence, the Hindoo has no distinct conceptions whatever. He is without tendencies, or efforts, or aspirations, and is content to do the same things in the same way in which they have been done thousands of years ago.

Henry Abbey and his father, of Bennington county, have each been recently sentenced to the Vermont State Prison for bigamy; the old gentleman having six wives and the young one two.

Gen. Concha, it is stated, remitted last year a surplus from the revenues of Cuba, of four millions of dollars, and the present one promises to yield a still larger return. It is also stated that he sent home a million of dollars on his own private account, realized in successful stock speculations.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.—A class which graduated not over a thousand years ago, embraced among its members one Tom Elliott, an incorrigible wag, who was not noted for any particular and marked attention to his studies. Mathematics was a particular object of Tom's disregard, and this caused him an occasional *jeu d'esprit* with the dry professor of conies. On one occasion the professor, during the recitation, asked Tom to explain the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom replied—

"I don't know how."

"But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the government to ascertain it, what would you do?"

"I'd resign," gravely responded Tom, amid the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the professor actually perpetrated a grin.

COCKNEY PROTEST.—A cockney at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against private 'earing.'"

TAKING THE WILL FOR THE DEED.—On opening the will, some time ago, of a gentleman who had expended an extremely handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following: "If I had died possessed of ten thousand dollars, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Thompson; but as I have not a dime, he must accept the *will for the deed*."

THREE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—"What's the matter, Tim?" said one; "you look rather the worse for wear." "Why, you see," said Tim, "I haven't slept a wink for three nights—last night, to-night, and to-morrow night!"

FANCY.—BY E. H. BURRINGTON.

I ask what Fancy is, and airy voices
Sing back the answer;
Fancy, which now is sad and now rejoices,
Is but a necromancer—
A mountebank, for ever changing dresses,
Now wearing rags, and now a golden crown;
And in the one it blesses
And in the other presses down
The heart, as with the weight of years,
Until, by pressing, sorrow's shining tears,
The eyelids mounting;
As if with conscious life, flow over like a fountain.
I ask how Fancy acts, and airy voices
Sing back the answer;
Fancy for ever upon tiptoe poised
And like a ballet dancer,
Still whirling, in our sight will fondly linger.
The child a troop of mimic soldiers chooses,
And rules them with his finger;
But soon the heroes he refuses,
For Fancy whispers to the boy,
"Prithlee have now another little toy."
So man and woman
In chasing the uncommon grow weary of the common.
Where Fancy dwells Humanity is telling
From zone to zone;
The universal bosom is its dwelling,
The general heart its throne.
The swarthy slave oppressed by galling trammels,
Hears his chained foot strike music from the ground.
And smiles while he enchains
The hard realities around,
Nor he alone—his friend, his foe,
Like him, shoot arrows forth from Fancy's bow,
Which, always striking,
Hit the drawn circle of man's liking or disliking.
And who shall say when Fancy is most ripe,
Or when it comes or goes?
It is of life a portion of that life,
As color to the Rose.
But Fancy acts not only in the sunlight;
A spirit hath no law of limitation;
No—it will in one night
Ten thousand proofs of its creation.
For ever in our bosoms keeping,
It quits us not when we are merrily sleeping,
But its assistance
Makes all our life a dream—a new existence.

LORD KENYON being at the levee soon after an extraordinary explosion of ill humor in the Court of King's Bench, his Majesty said to him—"My Lord Chief Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper, and from my great regard for you I am very glad to hear it, for I hope you will find a better one."

A HORSE-DEALER'S APOLOGY.—A good story is told of a Michigan man who recently went down into Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was longer than he intended to be absent, and failed to meet a business engagement. On being rather reproached for not being home, he made due apology. "I tell you how it is, squire; at every little darning town they wanted me to stop and be president of a bank!"

CHARMING DELICACY.—A little girl, at school, read thus: "The widow lived on a small limb, left her by a relative." "What do you call the word?" asked the teacher, "the word is legacy, not fancy." "But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "Pe says I must say limb, not leg."

SOFT SOAP.—According to the Abbé Huc, Eastern monarchs are gullible. He says: "Once it happened that a Frenchman came to the Khan of Tartary, and the Emperor asked him what offering he had brought him. The Frenchman replied—'Sir, I have brought you nothing, for I did not know of your great power.' 'How,' said the Emperor, 'did not the very birds, as they flew over your country, tell you of our power?' The Frenchman replied—'Sir, perhaps they did, but as I do not understand their language, I do not know what they said,' and thus the Emperor was appeased."

ARMY AND NAVY.

The United States sloop-of-war Constellation (arrived from Lisbon July 7th), was at Gibraltar July 14th, to leave shortly for Malaga.

The United States surveying steamer Bibb, last from New Bedford, on a surveying cruise, passed Highland Light, Cape Cod, Saturday afternoon.

The United States frigate Constitution, at Portsmouth, was taken into the dry dock for repairs on the 6th inst.

The United States storeship Relief, Lieutenant Commander Brasher, from Aspinwall July 15th, via Matanzas, August 1st, arrived at Boston on the 12th inst. The following is a list of her officers: Lieut. Commanding, T. M. Brasher; Lieutenants, J. W. A. Nicholson, James T. Wade and James H. Gilliss; Surgeon, W. G. Hay; Captain's Clerk, E. Parker.

Orders have been issued for the recruits now at Fort Leavenworth, to move on the 5th of September, for New Mexico, to reinforce the army in that quarter. Captain Duncan and several other officers who are absent on leave, will at the same time return to their posts in that Territory, taking with them their families.

The regiment of Mounted Rifles, and the Third Regiment of Infantry, serving in New Mexico, are to be reinforced early next month, by 450 recruits from Fort Leavenworth.

Col. Beall, of the First Dragoons; Major Hill, Paymaster; Capt. Duncan, of the Mounted Rifles; Capt. Heth, of the Tenth Infantry; Capt. Brereton, of the Ordnance Department, and Lieut. Gibbon, of the Fourth Artillery, comprise the board to assemble at West Point, to make trial of the breach-loading rifles, with the view to ascertain the best for military service.

Lieutenant James G. Maxwell has been ordered to the sloop-of-war Cyane.

Lieutenant Thomas C. Harris has been detached from the receiving ship at Philadelphia, and Lieutenant James B. McAuley ordered to relieve him.

Surgeon S. Ridout Addison has been detached from the Cyane, and Surgeon Wheelwright has been ordered to relieve him.

Surgeon J. O'Connor Barclay has been ordered to the receiving ship Ohio, at Boston.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF SENATOR RUSK.—This able and much respected Senator from Texas, committed suicide last week by shooting himself. Nothing has as yet been divulged to indicate why Senator Rusk shot himself. He was, we understand, at his home in Texas when the act was perpetrated, which will be truly and feelingly regretted by the great mass of the people, to whom he was most favorably known as a gallant and strong soldier of the Democracy. Thomas J. Rusk had just commenced his third senatorial term, a sufficient proof of the esteem of the Texas Democracy. The confidence of his State only indicated the confidence reposed in him not only by the leading men of his own party, but by his opponents in general; of which no surer evidence could be given than by the Senate electing him, at its late extra session, President *pro tempore* of the Senate—a position eminently honorable, and which places its occupant only next to the President and Vice-President of the Republic.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Advertiser* announces the death of Madame CECILIA ROY, the widow of John Baptiste Roy, of St. Joseph. She was seventy years of age. Her history is intimately connected with that of Missouri. During the war of 1812 her husband and herself made a noble resistance to the attack of the Indians against a block-house occupied by them at Cote Sans Dessein in Callaway county. A large number of the Indians attacked them. Three times were they repulsed, Roy and his wife keeping up an incessant fire upon them. Madame Roy not only loaded the guns used for their defense by Roy, but she used the rifle herself, and the Indians, when they did retreat, left thirteen of their warriors dead within the stockade of the fort.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS in the city and county of New York, from the 8th day of August to the 15th day of August, 1857: Men, 68; women, 69; boys, 280; girls, 219; total, 668. Adults, 137; children, 499; males, 664; females, 295; colored persons, 9.

FAMILY PASTIME.

ENIGMA.

Enrich'd am I with this world's fat, yet money I possess not;
Enlighten all who come to me, yet wisdom I express not;
I own I'm wicked, yet protest that sinful none e'er found
me,
And I destroy myself to be of use to those around me.

CHARADES.

1.

Two different nouns compose my name,
And both are estates of fame;
Which when united make but one,
Perhaps you'll ask how that is done?
Go, find it out, and if I'm right,
You'll not refuse to take a bite.

2.

My first is found in the whirling stream,
My second supports full many a beam;
My third is a blessing from Heaven sent,
And without my fourth we are not content;
On the rocky shore of our native land
My whole is found to take its stand.

ERBUSES.

Without any stories,
They say that the Tories
Are eager my first to possess;
And I've not the least doubt
That the Whigs now they're out,
Are just in a similar mess;
And the Radicals too,
With the Liberals who
Such generous doctrines profess;
Now, between you and me,
It's all fiddle-de-dee—
They're all of a kidney, I guess.
As you've doubtless found out
What my first is about,
I beseech you to "off with its head;"
You're an ornament then,
Worn by ladies, I ken,
Of a texture of finest thread.
Now we'll just suppose you
Have got hold of this too—
You're dexterous and clever I ween;
Then behead me again,
And, by George, it is plain!
In cards I am sure to be seen.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. Having twenty-one shillings to divide among six persons in the following manner, it is required to know what will be each person's share: A is to have one-half; B one-third; C one-fourth; D one-sixth; E one-sixth; and F one-seventh.

2. If a certain number, consisting of two places, be divided by the product of its digits, the quotient is 2; and if 27 be added to it, the digits are in an inverted order. What is the number?

3. A tower of a cylindrical form, 90 yards high, and its concave circumference 15 yards, has a circular flight of steps reaching from the bottom to the top, in the interior of the tower, making an angle of 45 deg. with the ground. Required the length of the flight of steps?

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—PAGE 58.

RIDDLE: A Large and Small Carriage Wheel. ENIGMA: A Bubble. CHARADE: Scar-city. REBUS: Girl; Enigma; Feat-R; Eli; RuM; AlarmD; Louisa; General; Admiral.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. They would be 35 miles distant from each other.
2. Children's Share, £6,941. 10s. 5d.; Widow's Share, £983. 8s. 11d.

3. Diameter of the Sphere, 866 inches.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MAKING WOOD FIREPROOF.—Professor Rochelder, of Prague, has just discovered a new antiphlogistic material, which promises to become of importance. It is a liquid albuminous composition, the secret of which is not yet divulged, which renders wood and other articles indestructible by fire. Several successful experiments have been made, and others are promised on a larger scale.

BY AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE MACHINERY FOR BORING ARTERIAN WELLS, THE OBJECT IS ATTAINED OF RELEASENG THE CHISEL AT ANY MOMENT FROM THE RODS, AND ALLOWING ITS FREE FALL TO DO ITS WORK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BORE-HOLE. THE APPARATUS CONSISTS OF A PAIR OF TONGS, CAPABLE OF LAYING HOLD OF A BAR OF IRON IN WHICH THE CHISEL IS FIXED—THESE TONGS OPENING AND SHUTTING BY MEANS OF THE ACTION OF THE WATER IN THE HOLE ON A DISC OF LEATHER DURING THE UP AND DOWN MOTION OF THE RODS. THE OPERATION PROCEEDS AS FOLLOWS: THE RODS, TO THE LOWER END OF WHICH THE FREE-FALL APPARATUS AND CHISEL ARE ATTACHED, ARE LIFTED TO THE HEIGHT REQUISITE FOR THE SUBSEQUENT FALL OF THE CHISEL; DURING THIS UPWARD MOTION, THE WATER IN THE BORE-HOLE PRESSES AGAINST THE UPPER SIDE OF THE LEATHER DISC, BY REASON OF THE RESISTANCE IT MEETS WITH BY BEING DRAWN THROUGH THE WATER; BUT THE MOMENT THE MOTION OF THE RODS IS ATTEMPTED TO BE REVERSED OR LOWERED, THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER AGAINST THIS DISC IS ALSO REVERSED, CAUSING IT TO SLIDE A LITTLE WAY ON THE RODS. THIS MOTION OF THE DISC IS MADE TO EFFECT THE OPENING OF THE TONGS HOLDING THE END OF THE CHISEL, WHICH IS THEN DISENGAGED, AND FREES TO FALL WITHOUT THE RODS AND FREE-FALL APPARATUS, WHICH THEN FALLS AT A MORE MODERATE RATE OF DESCENT, AND AGAIN TAKE HOLD OF THE CHISEL IN ORDER TO RAISE IT FOR ANOTHER BLOW. THE EFFECTS ACCOMPLISHED BY THIS FREE-FALLING OF THE CHISEL ARE SAID TO BE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE AND USEFULNESS.

LADIES' FIREPROOF DRESSES.—Ladies' light dresses may be made fireproof at a trifling cost by steeping them, or the linen or cotton used in making them, in a dilute solution of chloride of zinc. The very finest cambric so prepared may be held in the flame of a candle and charred to dust without the least flame. It is stated that since Clara Webster was burnt to death, from her clothes catching fire on the stage, the muslin dresses of all the dancers at the best theatres are made fireproof. Our manufacturers should take the hint.

A LINGUIST WHO COULDN'T BE "BLUFFED."—"I spakes ter Ainglishe so vale as youse," said Wiggles' guide round Antwerp, and to prove which assertion, he at once commenced an elaborate, gilt-ginger-bread description of some grand ecclesiastical procession which takes place annually through the streets of that most pious city. Having heard him carefully through, Wiggles, of Skeneapolis, who that morning was substituting segars, at twenty-five cents (Belgium currency) each, for Cavendish, said to him: "You are a good Catholic!" "I hobe so!" responded the guide, *alias* commissaire, *alias* Inquis de place. "Then," spoke our Wiggles, of Skeneapolis, "I am to understand that this procession is nothing more than a regular forty-deck bender, with sawbucks for antes?" The guide was not crushed! He hung out to speak English, and rather than acknowledge that Wiggles was too much for him, he instantly said: "Zat es est! Now we mose hurry ta ze Mooseoom!"

It is unhealthy to fall in love with another man's wife. In Arkansas, this kind of thing usually "terminates in death" the first year.

If you wish to be released from a rash promise of marriage, breathe vows of love continually, after eating onions.

An editor out West calls to maidens to taken courage; because the census shows that there are half a million more men than women in the United States.

Mrs. PARTINGTON says if she should ever be cast away at sea, she prefers to have the catastrophe happen in the "Bay of Biscuits."

PAT'S ENCOUNTER WITH A HORSET'S NEST.

"An I was a mowin of a mornin; just a while since, on the marsh fornins the wood, an I seed a big beautiful bird's nest on a bush; an I axed Mr. Davis what kind ov a bird's nest it was, an he tould me, bad luck to him, 'twas a hum bird's nest; an I went up an peep't into it, but devil a bird could I see, not a bit of a place for her to lay; and then Mr. Davis tould me—may the devil run away wid him—to shake the bush and the ould bird would come out; and I shook it, shure, but instead of a bird out came a thousand, ten thousand, och, a million ov the big green heads, an they flew into my eyes an into my hair, an into my mouth, be jabers, an they bit me till surely I thought I was dead just; an I screamed, an run—och, didn't I run—but they stuck to me, an no more could I run away from the varmints than I could run away from myself; an the fust I know'd I tumbled into a ditch ov about two feet ov water, and thinks I now me homies I'll come the St. Patrick on ye, who jist give the likens ov such spalpeens a little howly wather in ould Ireland. So I ducks me head under the wather, jist hild it there till I most kill myself, and intirely kill every mother's son ov the hum birds; bad luck to them!"—Pat ended his story with a deep drawn sigh, and put him to the work of his old town emplor.

HARD OF COMPREHENSION.—German witnesses who have but a slight knowledge of our language, often cut a sorry figure in the police court. This morning one of this character was asked—

"Did the occurrence take place in this city?"

"No, he get's trunk," was the answer.

"I did not ask you that," continued the prosecutor. "I want to know whether the prisoner committed the act in this city."

"Nien, nien," exclaimed the witness, "he do it mit a knife stuck in him fist by der head ov mine fraw—yaw, das ish him!"

He was ordered to stand aside.

SINGULARLY PLURAL.—Poppy nozzle, having lately married, met Spuggles.

"Ah, my boy," said the latter—"you're a happy dog—I congratulate you."

"Thanks," replied Poppy nozzle, "but I don't see why. I have more trouble and responsibility now, with a wife, and perhaps a family, one of these days to look out for."

"True, you have several under your care," answered Spuggles, "yet you are as well off as I am, for I, too, though a bachelor, have a number to look out for."

"What number?" asked Poppy nozzle.

"Number one!" replied Spuggles, triumphantly.

And Poppy nozzle caved.

A COTEMPORARY says that, passing an old wagon the other day, he accidentally overheard the following conversation:

"I'm tired," said one of the wheels.

"You spoke well," said another.

"You don't reach my case," came from under the wagon-box.

"Hold your tongue," said another part of the vehicle.

He anticipated a row, and hurried on.

A CLERGYMAN was censuring a young lady for tight lacing.

"Why," replied the arch miss, "you would not recommend loose habits to your parishioners?"

An Irishman who was troubled with toothache, determined to have an old offender extracted; but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself: whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow-match to it, lighted it, and then ran to get out of the way.

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A TUSCALOOSA GIRL.—"Lord o' mercy, what a pretty hand she had! just as soft as a jolly little white rose leaf, and no bigger than three of my fingers. Well, when I squeezed it, she gave a little bit of pressure back again, that ran tingling all the way up my brachial artery, and turned the blood to pure nectar; then she rolled her eyes up so that the moon shone on them, and I could look away down into them about a quarter of a mile. That made me feel kind of queer, you know, and somehow, without exactly knowing much about it, I found my arm around her taper waist, and could feel her blessed little heart jumping like a rat in a steel-trap. Directly she laid her head over on my shoulder, I'm as thirsty as a graven image."

interrupted. I hate Jim Sawyer." "Too bad by half," said Joe, who had been very quiet during Tom's narration, "did you follow him up?" "No; I was only travelling through there—left next day and never saw her again, nor any other girl equal to her. I tell you what, I'd rather have lost the best paying patient I ever had, than to have lost sight of that girl. But you know what we used to say at college: '*Mutatis mutandis—Tempus fugit—Sic transit gloria mundi.*' That's all the Latin I remember; let's go and have something. I'm as thirsty as a graven image."



A MODERN SPORTSMAN.



No. 1. MRS. JENKINS WISHES TO GO TO THE OPERA IN HER NEW CRINOLINE, UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE CARRIAGE.

moustache, at the same time letting the full flood of tenderness pour up from her eyes into mine. Don't laugh, boys, if I do get a little highfalutin' you don't know how you'd have felt if you'd been in my boot just then. It took my breath away, but I mustered up all my courage, and turned around a little, put my left hand under the back of her head, raised it up (afraid I mussed her hair slightly—it was done up mighty nice, I tell you), and bending down, gave her a ringing kiss right on her mouth. Now, boys, by jingo, I tell you what it is, I've tasted sweet things afore now—talk about your honey and sugar—talk about your Charlotte Russes—your meringues à la Crème—they are no where. I felt as if I had died in a candy shop, and gone to the forty-ninth heaven, where I was eating sweetened ambrosia, with a whole crowd of she-angels playing on golden harps all inside of my head. I swow, if my heart didn't swell up as big as a two-bushel basket, and it hammered away, thump-thump-thump, so you might have heard it a mile off. She didn't say anything when it, and I was just going to do so some more, "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

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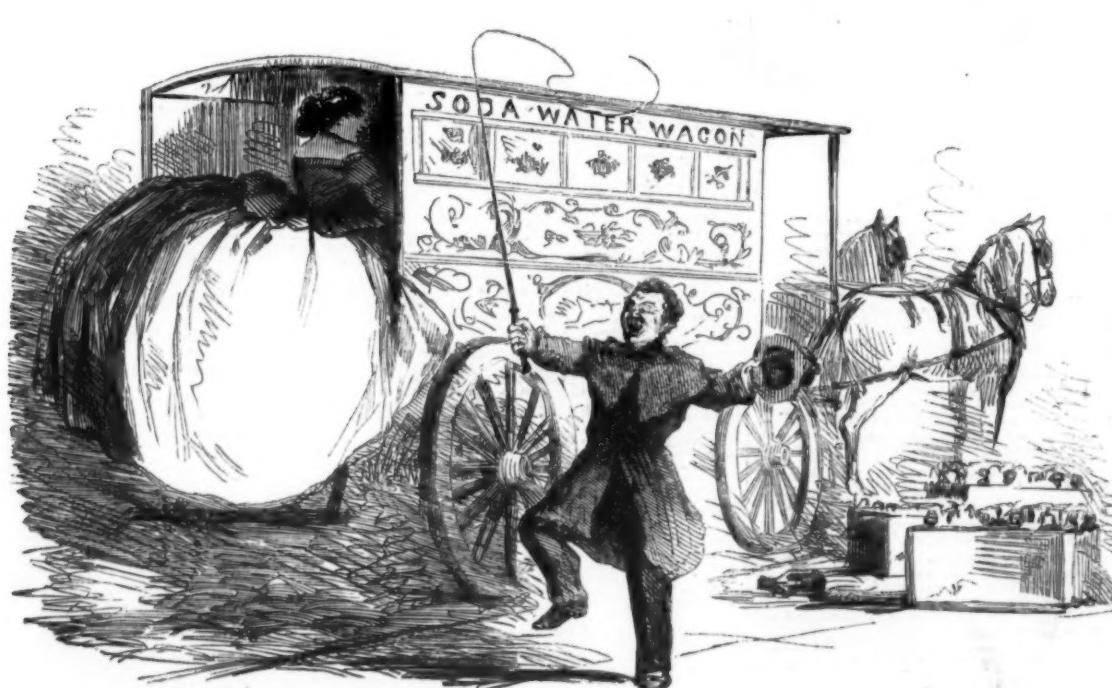
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